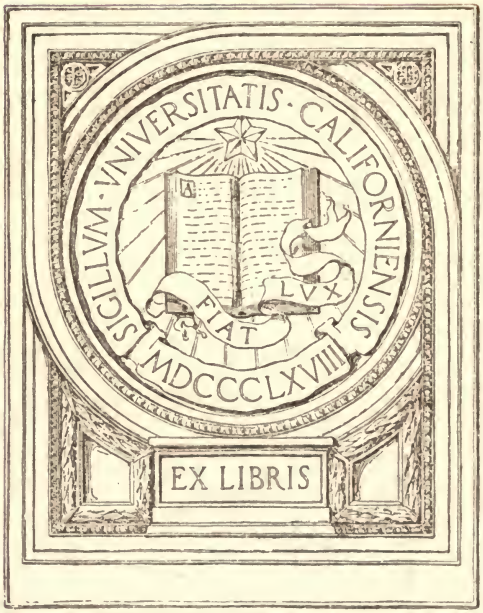

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WOODROW WILSON

WOODROW WILSON

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

Author of

"A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt"

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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WOODROW WILSON

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WOODROW WILSON

CHAPTER I

BACKGROUND AND BOYHOOD

IT WAS four years more than a century ago that a restless youth of twenty, to whose ears had come amazing stories of the opportunities to be found in a new land, forsook the home of his Scots-Irish fathers in County Down, on the Irish shores of the windy North Channel, and sailed forth toward the baths of the Western stars. Perhaps he had heard of the fame of a Scotsman of his own name and without doubt his own kin who, having migrated to America only a generation before, had become one of the founders of the new nation, one of the signers of its Declaration of Independence, a member of its Constitutional Convention, and a Justice of its first Supreme Court. At all events, it

was on a ship bound for the city of Justice James Wilson that young James Wilson sailed.

The later emigrant may have been destined to no such eminence as was the earlier, yet young James, too, found his opportunity in the new country — found it in a little shop full of the smell of printer's ink and mysterious with the apparatus of the preservative art — the shop at 15 Franklin Court, formerly the home of Benjamin Franklin, whence issued, to the enlightenment of the good people of Philadelphia, William Duane's daily paper, the *Aurora*.

To their enlightenment, it is to be hoped; certainly very much to their entertainment and their agitation — and not only theirs, but the whole country's as well. William Duane was the earliest muck-raker in American journalism; indeed, he was muck-raking on the other side of the world before he had a chance to employ Bunyan's celebrated tool here. Though born on the shores of Lake Champlain, Duane was educated in Ireland, whence he went out to India and started a newspaper much occupied with arraigning the British Government —

which the Government very sensibly seized and whose editor they ordered out of the country. Returning to Great Britain, he became parliamentary reporter to London papers, including the *Times*. So he was pretty well equipped to make trouble when, in 1795, he came back to the country of his birth and engaged himself with Franklin Bache (grandson of the most famous of all Philadelphia printers, and son of Richard Bache, the Postmaster-General) on the *Aurora*. Bache dying of the yellow fever, Duane took over the widow — and the *Aurora*.

It was already a leading Democratic journal, Philadelphia being then the national capital. Duane made it the chief organ of the party. His were the shrieking methods of the yellowest day journalism has ever seen, and within a year he had been haled before Congress for a violation of the Sedition Law. However, he did a great deal toward electing Jefferson to the Presidency and putting the Democrats in power, and even after he had turned into a bitter assailant of President Madison and had come to be regarded as an opposition editor, we find

Jefferson writing him (1811), calling him "Colonel" William Duane:

> The zeal, the disinterestedness, and the abilities with which you have supported the great principles of our revolution, the persecutions you have suffered, and the firmness and independence with which you have suffered them, constitute too strong a claim on the good wishes of every friend of elective government, to be effaced by a solitary case of difference in opinion.

William Duane never got any political reward, but his son was made Secretary of the Treasury by President Jackson. He served only a few months, refusing to obey Jackson's order to remove the Government deposits from the United States Bank without authority of Congress.

Duane was in financial difficulties most of the time, but he stuck it out until 1822, when the country had settled down into an "era of good feeling" so paradisiacal that there was nothing for a fighting journalist of Irish education to do in the United States. So he closed out the *Aurora* and went on a tour of South America, then in the throes of revolution.

Such was the employer from whom young Jimmie Wilson got his first notions of American life. Wilson appears to have taken aptly to the printing trade, and to his employer, as his employer did to him. The young man prospered. He moved from a room in the rear of Fourth Street, which he had taken on landing, to 45 Gaskill Street. And he married — married Anne Adams, an Irish girl, four years his junior, who had come over on the ship that brought him. To her latest days she used to love to talk of their North of Ireland home, from which she said they could see the white linen flying on the line in Scotland; so she must have been a County Down or a County Antrim lass. There was more than the glint of wind-blown linen that came across to them from Scotland, for James Wilson's wife was a blue-stocking of a Presbyterian to the day of her death, and brought up her ten children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord in the strictest sect of Presbyterianism. They began life together, November 1, 1808, by going to the Rev. Dr. George C. Potts, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian

Church, to be married. When their first child was born, they called him "William Duane." That year they moved up town to the corner of Tenth and Spruce streets; it must have been either the northeast or the northwest corner.

Wilson now became nominally publisher of the *Aurora*. Duane, when the War of 1812 broke out, was made Adjutant-General of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and it seems that he left the management of the paper to Wilson.

With the Peace of Ghent, a new movement westward set in. The Federal Government was pushing the National Road over the Alleghanies on the first stage of its journey to the plains. The steamboat, which had appeared on the Hudson in 1808, was now screeching on the Ohio. Wilson determined to try his fortunes in the *hinterland*. He went to Pittsburg, just growing into a city. Then his fancy was taken by the little town of Lisbon, just across the line in the new state of Ohio; but soon he found a better location in Steubenville, a little below, on the river, county seat of Jefferson, nobly

named. Here he started a paper of his own — the *Western Herald* it was called — and it was destined to a long and measurably influential career.

Behold, then, at the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the immigrant James Wilson a settled citizen of the state of Ohio, influential, prosperous, and at the head of a thriving family.

James Wilson, first and last, must be held responsible for a goodly portion of the printed wisdom and folly of the early nineteenth century. He printed in Philadelphia; he founded a newspaper in Steubenville, and in its office he trained every one of his seven sons to be an expert compositor; in 1832 he founded a paper at Pittsburg — the *Pennsylvania Advocate*. The first number of the *Pennsylvania Advocate* was printed in Ohio, at the Steubenville press. Very soon, however, a fine Washington hand-press was installed in a Pittsburg office, to the wonder of the city, for it was the first press set up west of the mountains that was capable of printing a double-page form of a newspaper at one impres-

sion — that is, one side of a whole sheet at once. Mr. Wilson started the *Advocate* with the aid of four of his sons and two apprentice boys, but when it was fairly on its feet he left it in the immediate charge of his eldest son.

During the remaining twenty-five years of his life James Wilson, an editor to the end, divided his time between Steubenville and Pittsburg.

James Wilson was a man of extraordinarily positive opinions; furthermore, he was very outspoken in them. His paper was a very vigorous publication indeed, discussing the questions of the day — and they had pretty big questions in the first half of the nineteenth century — with fearless conviction and bluntness. The editor was a Justice of the Peace, and was ordinarily addressed as "Judge" Wilson. He was, for a term, a member of the Ohio State Legislature. During his absence at Columbus his wife, with the aid of the sons, edited the paper and boarded the hands.

One of Wilson's political aversions was the person of Samuel Medary, a frequent candidate

for public office. The *Western Herald* habitually referred to him as "Sammedary" — though exactly why, no one remembers. A sample of the Judge's caustic remarks about this candidate was:

"Sammedary's friends claim for him the merit of having been born in Ohio. So was my dog Towser."

Samuel Medary afterward became Governor of Ohio, and (ironically enough) it came about that Judge Wilson's son Henry married the Governor's daughter. The old Judge attended the wedding, and there were greetings amicable, but possibly not of unrestrained cordiality, between the ancient antagonists. Judge Wilson died in Pittsburg during a cholera epidemic, in 1837.

Judge James Wilson had ten children: seven boys and three girls. The daughters married well, and the sons all attained considerable distinction. Henry, Edwin, and Margretta were triplets. Henry (he who married Governor Medary's daughter) became, during the Civil War, Commissary-General on the staff of

General Burnside, stationed at St. Louis. Edwin studied law with Edwin M. Stanton, at Steubenville, practised law at Franklin, Pa., and became Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania under Governor William F. Packer.

Edwin and Henry bore a remarkable resemblance to each other; throughout their lives the two men were so much alike that few outside the family could distinguish one from the other. Once, Governor Packer happened to meet Henry at the Girard House in Philadelphia, and thinking all the time he was with his Adjutant-General, Edwin, spent several days with him. On the other hand, once, when Edwin was at the old St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, General Burnside came along and proceeded to administer a reprimand to the officer whom he took to be his Commissary-General for having left headquarters without leave. Edwin let Burnside exhaust himself, and then asked:

"General, when did you see me last!"

Burnside replied: "Why, I left you at St. Louis, last week."

Edwin retorted: "You are mistaken."

"Aren't you General Wilson?" asked Burnside.

"I am so called," replied Edwin, "but I am very thankful that I am not your Commissary-General."

Before Burnside could be persuaded of his mistake, a visit had to be made to the hotel register; the writing of the two men was totally unlike, and Burnside was familiar with the hand of Gen. Henry Wilson. General Henry and General Edwin distinguished themselves to their acquaintances by the manner in which they wore their watch guards: Henry wore a chain about his neck, while Edwin wore a fob.

One of the earliest photographs made in Columbus was a portrait of Gen. Henry Wilson. Henry sent it to General Edwin, at Harrisburg, and he, by way of practical joke, sent it home to his wife, as a likeness of himself. Mrs. Wilson hung it on the parlor wall and proudly called the attention of callers to the excellent photograph of her husband.

Judge Wilson's youngest son was Joseph

Ruggles — through whom runs the special current of this story.

Joseph was born at Steubenville on February 28, 1822; he got his first schooling in his father's shop. Like all the other sons, he learned the printer's trade — not one of them but could, to the day of his death, "stick type" with any journeyman.

It is recorded of Edwin Wilson that, later in life, he made a wager with the proprietor of the Venango *Spectator* that he could set the longest "string of type in an hour." At it they went, and the General was an easy winner — and he was not the fastest "sticker" in the family, either. Joseph was allowed, as a boy, to get out a little paper of his own from the *Western Herald* office.

Joseph, from the start, was marked for the scholar of the family. There was a good academy at Steubenville, and he attended it. At eighteen he went to Jefferson College, a Presbyterian institution at Canonsburg, Pa. (now merged in Washington and Jefferson College), where he was graduated in 1844 as

valedictorian. He engaged in teaching for a year, taking charge of an academy at Mercer, Pa. But the call was clear to a higher life work. Before he had left home for college he had made a public profession of his faith in the First Presbyterian Church of his native town. Now he took his way to the Western Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, Pa., remained a year, and then went to spend another year at Princeton Seminary. He went home, and was licensed to preach, although not yet ordained; he taught for two years in the Steubenville Male Academy.

To the fact that there was another Steubenville academy is due the necessity of telling this story. There was another, not for males, and to it there came, among other girls of the Ohio Valley, a damsel from Chillicothe, the pretty town which was Ohio's first capital, lying between the pleasing hills behind which the sun still rises on the state seal. Janet Woodrow was her name, though most people called her "Jessie," and she was the daughter of a great and famous Presbyterian minister of the day, but neither did that nor her English birth forbid

her having a gleeful laugh and an eye for fun. One afternoon, the lessons at Doctor Beattie's school being over, Janet Woodrow took a walk; passing by the Wilson house, she spied, through the pickets of the garden fence, the young theolog, raking, in a pair of kid gloves. On the 7th day of June, 1849, Joseph R. Wilson and Janet Woodrow were legally joined in marriage by Thomas Woodrow, minister of the Gospel — so attests an entry preserved in the marriage records of the Probate Court of Ross County, Vol. F., page 91.

We have another immigration to observe: The Woodrows (or Wodrows, as they spelled it in Scotland) are an ancient family originally out of England, who trace their Scottish history back 600 years. Among them flourished ministers, scholars, and men of substance, with a Presbyterian martyr or two. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Woodrow, born at Paisley in 1793, a graduate of Glasgow University, recrossed the Tweed to become minister of the Independent Congregation at Carlisle, England. After hav-

ing served there sixteen years and begotten eight children he felt the call to become a missionary in the New World.

Accordingly he embarked, the 21st of October, 1835, on a ship bound for New York. All his family was with him: his wife, Marion (born Williamson), and their children: Robert, John, Thomas, William, Janet, George, and Marion, ranging from fifteen years of age down to three. One day little Janet was on deck; she happened to be clutching a rope when a big wave hit the ship, buried her bow in the water, and sent the little maid far out over the sea; however, she held on fast and escaped with a good wetting.

All landed safely after a passage of ten weeks, having spent Christmas and New Year's Day at sea. Shortly after the landing, however, we find this passage in the Doctor's diary:

New York, U. S., February 23, 1836.

Little did I expect that the first death I should have to record on my arrival in this country should be that of my dear wife. How mysterious and distressing often are the ways of God. I landed in this country on the 12th day of January, 1836, with my dear wife and family, and on

the 16th inst. the faithful and affectionate companion of my travels was taken from me by a sudden and unexpected stroke. I had the melancholy satisfaction yesterday of committing her dear, sweet body to the cold and silent tomb. Her body was interred in the Oliver Street Church (Baptist) Burial Ground in a dry, sandy grave, where it lies until the morning of the Resurrection, when at the sound of the last trumpet it shall be raised up a glorious and incorruptible body, and when I hope I shall meet my dear love and join with her and all the redeemed in praising God and the Lamb.

However, the good man went on to his destination — Canada — where, with headquarters at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence, he fulfilled for a while the duties of a missionary through a wide circuit of country. In a year came an invitation to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Chillicothe, and the Woodrows came into the States. The Doctor's ministry at Chillicothe stretched from 1837 to April, 1849. While there he married a second time, in 1843, the bride being Harriet L. Renick, widow of Asahel Renick. From Chillicothe he went to Columbus, where he was pastor of the Hogg First Presbyterian Church. He died

at Columbus April 27, 1877, and was buried in Greenlawn Cemetery.

The history of the Presbytery of Chillicothe says of the Rev. Dr. Woodrow that he

> Was a fine scholar, a good preacher, and especially powerful in prayer. He was conservative in his views and thoroughly presbyterian in his belief. His sermons were always instructive and pointed. He loved to dwell on the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel and to proclaim them in their simplicity and fulness.

Doctor Woodrow was a stocky man, of short stature — very vigorous in the pulpit. A man now in middle life remembers hearing him preach a sermon in the chapel of the Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Ga., on a very warm day — the church was, in fact, that presided over by the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, as we shall see. Doctor Woodrow had lost or misplaced his spectacles, and so the Rev. Mr. Wilson canvassed the congregation for a pair that would suit the preacher. He brought to the pulpit a variety of spectacles. There was only one pair through which the dominie could see his

manuscript. These were too big for him and, as he preached, they kept slipping down his nose, which was also the course of the perspiration that gathered on the preacher's forehead. A little boy in a front row sat fascinated by the sight of the spectacles slowly travelling down the parson's nose and amazed at the dexterity with which he managed to catch them at the last minute, push them up and go on with the unbroken discourse.*

Two weeks after his marriage with Jessie Woodrow, Joseph Ruggles Wilson was ordained by the Presbytery of Ohio. It was several years,

* Of Dr. Thomas Woodrow's children, one son, James, had a rather remarkable career: He graduated at Jefferson College, where he was a classmate of Basil Gildersleeve, who has taught Latin and Greek to most of the living generation of Americans. Then he became a minister of the Presbyterian Church. His real interest,however, seemed to have been in science, and he went to Heidelberg University, where he achieved such distinction that he was invited to remain as a professor in succession to the celebrated Bunsen. Coming home, however, he became instead a professor at the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., his chair being denominated, in accordance with a leading thought of that day, that of "the Relation Between Science and Religion." His views on the subject of evolution becoming more pronounced, they aroused dissatisfaction, and he was obliged to resign. Then he was chosen president of South Carolina College. Later he became a bank president, and as such ended his days.

Of the other children, Robert developed phenomenal scholarship, but died in the early twenties. Thomas was a man of considerable ability and of unusual nobility of character. He lived a quiet, self-sacrificing life. Cut out for a scholar, the necessities of the family forced him into business, and he lived as a gentleman storekeeper. William was a sort of rolling stone, but when, in the course of his wanderings, he reached Nebraska, he got hold of land that proved to be of value and acquired considerable fortune. The daughter Marion married James Bones, of Augusta, Ga. A new acquaintance, once loth to accept the homely patronymic of Marion Wilson's husband, undertook to address him as Mr. Bone. He was instantly rebuked with the words: "No, just dry Bones."

JUDGE JAMES WILSON

THE REV. DR. THOMAS WOODROW

WILLIAM DUANE WILSON

THE REV. DR. JOSEPH RUGGLES WILSON

GRANDFATHERS, UNCLE AND FATHER OF WOODROW WILSON

however, before he undertook a pastorate of any consequence, serving for a year as "professor extraordinary" of rhetoric in Jefferson College, and for four years as professor of chemistry and natural sciences in Hampden-Sydney College, Virginia, in the meantime supplying small neighboring churches. The Rev. Mr. Wilson had become the father of two daughters, Marion and Annie Josephine, before he was called as pastor to Staunton, Va., in 1855. Staunton, where he remained for two years, was a town of 5,000 population, beautifully situated in the famous Valley of Virginia.

Here it was that on December 28, 1856, Thomas Woodrow Wilson was born.

The infant Wilson (to spend a moment reviewing his parental history) was born to an auspicious heritage. His blood was Scotch-Irish, a strain perhaps the most vigorous physically, the most alert mentally, the most robust morally of all those that have mingled in the shaping of the American character. His forebears were

men and women who had conspicuously displayed the qualities of a sturdy race: they were people imaginative, hopeful, venturesome; stubborn, shrewd, industrious, inclined to learning, strongly tinctured with piety, yet practical and thrifty. On one side they were an ancient family who had preserved the memory of a part in large affairs, who for generations had carried the banner of religion and learning — the paramount concerns of Scottish men. On the other side they had had their share in the public affairs of a more modern nation. The new-born was descended from clergymen and editors; men of strong opinions; men likewise accustomed to give free leave to their opinions. They were protestants in religion, and in politics, radicals; pioneers — a stout-hearted breed.

Such was the ancestral preparation for life of the little son of the Presbyterian pastor who came into the world Christmas week, 1856, in the dawn of an ample day of national evolution and conflict.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD IN GEORGIA

IN THE spring of 1858, Thomas Woodrow Wilson being then two years old, the family moved to Augusta, Ga., where the father was to be pastor of the Presbyterian Church for the next four years.

With his entrance upon the Augusta pastorate, the Rev. Mr. Wilson became one of the most noted ministers in the South. Thoroughly equipped in the theology of his denomination, a pulpit orator of great power and a personality of extraordinary force, he early reached and long maintained a position of much influence. When the war came on, he embraced, with all the strength of his character, the Southern side. At the division of the Presbyterian Church into Northern and Southern branches, he invited the first General Assembly of the latter to meet

in his church, and became its permanent clerk. Twenty-five years later Doctor Wilson gave a description of the scene when, in that assembly, the chairman on the committee appointed to prepare an address justifying the separation, rose to speak:

> The thrill of that hour is upon me now. The house was thronged, galleries and floor. The meagre person of the intellectual athlete (Dr. Thornwell) occupied a small space in the front of the pulpit, and so near as to gain from the framework a partial support, for even now he felt the approach of fatal disease. Every eye was upon him, and every sound was hushed as by a spell whilst for forty historic minutes this Calvin of the modern Church poured forth such a stream of elevated utterance as he of Geneva never surpassed, his arguments being as unanswerable as they were logically compact.

In 1865, Doctor Wilson was styled "Stated Clerk" of the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, and he continued to be such until 1899, when he resigned, being then seventy-seven years old and having kept the Southern Presbyterian records for nearly forty years. He was moderator of the assembly in 1879. He

died at Princeton, N. J., in his eighty-first year.*

Mr. Wilson had been a professor of rhetoric, and he always remained one, taking very seriously, and practising with a sense of its sanctity, the art of words. He read his sermons, every one of which was marked by high literary finish, although in no sense unduly rhetorical. A man of unusual scholarship and a student to the end of his days, he is remembered to have indulged in but a single form of pedantry; his regard for language had inclined him affectionately toward the original significance of words, and he was sometimes observed to use them in an antiquated sense. Thus he occasionally indulged in such a phrase as, "I wonder with a great admiration." Charles Lamb used to do the same thing, as you will learn if you will read the first sentence of "Imperfect Sympathies."

* Of the Rev. Dr. Wilson's children other than Woodrow, the elder daughter, Marion, married the Rev. Ross Kennedy, a Presbyterian minister, who died in Augusta, Ark., some years ago. The younger daughter, Annie Josephine, became the wife of a physician and surgeon of Columbia, S. C., Dr. George Howe. Mrs. Howe is now living, a widow, in Raleigh, N. C. A second son, and fourth child, Joseph R., was born ten years after Woodrow. After leaving college, Joseph R. Wilson went to Nashville, Tenn., where he has made himself a name as a political writer of influence in state affairs. He is now city editor of the Nashville *Banner*.

When indulging in his harmless foible the preacher might have been caught glancing around the congregation to catch, if it might be, the pleasure of an appreciative gleam in some hearer's eye. He was a man of humor as well as of learning and thought, and, when his son had grown to discerning years, always showed great delight if the boy evinced, by repeating it, that he remembered some fanciful or eloquent or learned phrase.

Mr. Wilson used to speak with contempt of the florid style of oratory, and even early in life his son was trained to consciousness of the absurdity of *high-falutin* rhetoric. He remembers to-day as one of the funniest things he saw as a boy the peroration which a florid preacher made in his father's pulpit. The visitor had risen rather rapidly to extreme heights of eloquence, and, trembling on the dizzy cliffs, having exhausted all the superlatives of the language and all the figures of speech within his knowledge — and his voice as well — he achieved his climax by means of a whistle and a spiral upward movement of his forefinger, as indication of the course

of a skyrocket. Thus the imagination could follow whither voice and rational thought could no further proceed.

The city of Augusta in the decade 1860-70 was a community of about 15,000 souls. It was not as distinctively southern a city as might be imagined, being then a place of rolling mills, furnaces, railroad shops, where the cotton trade also flourished, and cotton spinning mills were busy.

The First Presbyterian Church stood, as it stands to-day, in the middle of a lot occupying an entire square on Telfair Street. (To-day, the Telfair Sunday-school building has been built by the side of the old church.) The church was, and is, a dignified and even imposing edifice. It was, and is, surrounded by a beautiful grove. The congregation was the most influential, in point of numbers and wealth, in the city. The sewing circle was a social factor among the ladies of Augusta. The Sunday-school, which then met in a building at the corner of Ellis and McIntosh Streets, was a large one. Its super-

intendent became the Rev. Mr. Wilson's brother-in-law; he was Mr. James W. Bones.

Diagonally across from the church was the parsonage — a two-story, brick building, rather a mansion in proportions, surrounded by stable, outbuildings, and wall, all of red brick.

Tommie Wilson's earliest recollected impression had to do with the breaking out of the Civil War. On a certain day in November, 1860, the little boy, playing on the gate before his father's house, saw two men meet on the sidewalk and heard one of them cry: "Lincoln is elected, and there'll be war!" This is the earliest recollection of Woodrow Wilson. Something in the shrill tone of the speaker struck for the first time a chord of lasting memory.

Yet Woodrow Wilson remembers little, almost nothing, of the war. Augusta was on an island around which flowed the current of the conflict. It was never occupied by Federal troops until reconstruction days. No refugees ever fled to it. The man does remember that the boy saw a troop of men in every sort of garb, mounted on every sort of horse, ride past the house one day

on their way to join the Confederate Army. They were not a terrifying or glorious spectacle. The boy cried after them in a slang exclamation of the day: "Go get your mule!"

He does remember the scarcity of the food supply that came on as the war progressed. Not that there was not enough food, but it was greatly restricted in variety. The restriction was not always unhappy, for it encouraged the ingenuity of housekeepers and taught them the edible quality of some things heretofore scorned. The delicious taste of the soup made from the cow-peas, previously fed only to the cattle, lingers to this day in the mouth of the little boy who tasted it.

Once when rumors came into the city of an approaching army (Sherman was threatening Augusta), a company of gentlemen armed themselves and marched valiantly out of town in the direction of the oncoming host. They lay all night on their arms in the woods and probably had a very enjoyable picnic of it, while their wives and families were waiting anxiously at home for news. The son of the Presbyterian

pastor remembers the anxiety, the prayers, the unextinguished lamp in the parsonage all night. The brave defenders of their homes and firesides returned unensanguined; the army never came.

Wilson remembers a little pile of plug tobacco boxes of thick wood, tightly clamped with tin, reposing in a corner of the attic, growing in size from time to time. These were days when careful stewards were putting all their spare resources into cash or the equivalent of cash for savings, and the funds of not a few were turned into plug tobacco, that being an asset easily convertible into money. The parson, too, had his little horde of gold.

There was another war event that made its impression upon the boy: In the summer of '65 he saw Jefferson Davis ride by, under guard, on his way to Fortress Monroe.

After '65, Doctor Wilson's church was occupied temporarily by Federal soldiers. However, such hardships as the city of Augusta suffered through the war were nothing compared with those endured in most parts of the South. It is to this fact that is to be attributed the small

part in Woodrow Wilson's education played by the passions of the great conflict. He was only nine years old when the war ended. He was, too, apparently, a boy who somewhat tardily developed strong convictions. In short, he was a real boy while he was a boy, more concerned in the games of his crowd than in the principles of a war of which they saw little.

The Wilson boy was, his companions say, an active little fellow. It was a peculiarity that he was always running; he seemed incapable of proceeding from point to point otherwise. He can scarcely be said to have walked until he was fourteen or fifteen years old.

One of the thrilling moments of the boy's early life was the day and evening when the first street car came down the streets of Augusta. The cars were of the bobtail variety with a box for nickels up in front. At first, for the boys, the chief use and purpose of this new wonder was the manufacture of scissors out of crossed pins laid on the track. By night — the electric light had not then turned night into day — the

glimmering red, purple, and green lights carried by the cars afforded endless pleasure as they approached and receded. The boys, too, made friends with the drivers and went along with them on their trips, being allowed sometimes to work the brakes and to turn the switches.

A little later Tom learned the delight of the saddle. Doctor Wilson kept a big black buggy horse, which Tommy used to ride — "conservatively," says his old playmate, Pleasant A. Stovall, now president and editor of the Savannah *Press* and one of the leading men of the state. Pleasant Stovall was prone to get many a tumble as the two lads rode through the streets and suburbs of Augusta, and used to wonder how his canny playmate got none.

The stable or barn and the lot enclosed by the parsonage offices were a favorite resort for all the boys of the neighborhood, among whom Wilson was a natural leader. He and Pleasant Stovall organized a club among the lads and called it the "Lightfoot Club." The chief activities of this fellowship seem to have been the playing of baseball with other nines of town

boys and the holding of meetings characterized by much nicety of parliamentary procedure. Every one of the little chaps knew perfectly well just what the "previous question" was; knew that only two amendments to a resolution could be offered; that these were to be voted on in reverse order, and all the rest of it. The chief ornament of the clubroom was a highly colored presentation of his Satanic Majesty, originally an advertisement from a brand of deviled ham. The "Lightfoots" practised and played occasional match games in the grounds of the Academy of Richmond County, on Telfair Street, just below the church.

The city of Augusta, founded by Oglethorpe, was a pleasant, even beautiful place, with its broad, well-shaded streets — one of them a boulevard on which stands a monument to Georgia's Signers of the Declaration — but rather wanting in bold or picturesque features. The Savannah River at that point is broad, the bank is barren, and the current heavy with red clay. As romantic a spot as the city possessed was the grove in which the church stood — a

place of solemn shade and mysterious whisperings, often the resort of the dreaming boy.

In the neighborhood of the town, at the point now called Summerville, was a delightful suburban spot, then known merely as the "Sand Hills," where Wilson's uncle, James Bones, who had married Marion Woodrow, Woodrow Wilson's aunt, had a country house. Wilson and Pleasant Stovall used to ride out to the "Sand Hills" on horseback and spend a great deal of their time in the pleasant country. Mrs. Wilson frequently spent a summer in the North, and when she was away from home the boy went out to live with his aunt in the Sand Hills.

The daughter of the house, Jessie Woodrow Bones (she is now Mrs. A. T. H. Brower of Chicago), was a great tomboy and idolized her cousin, and the two spent many a long happy summer day at play in the woods. Long before she knew a letter, he had filled her mind and imagination with the "Leather Stocking Tales," and what he read to her or told her in the twilight on the veranda they acted out in their play next day. Casting aside all the encumbrances

of civilization except that which conservative authority in the shape of the aunt and mother required, they stained their faces, arms, and legs with pokeberry juice and, with head-dresses of feathers and armed with bows and arrows, crept out of the house and stationed themselves by the side of a lonely road leading from Augusta to a negro settlement in the piney woods. Here they would lie in wait until chance brought them their victims in the shape of little darkies on their way to town with bundles of lightwood on their heads. Then, with blood-curdling war-whoops, they would dash out upon the unsuspecting prey, brandishing wooden tomahawks in frightful fashion. The pair of youthful savages never made any captives and had to console themselves by remembering that kinky wool would not make attractive scalps to hang at their belts. When no victims were forthcoming, little Jessie had to impersonate the hated white man, and she was invariably caught, made to run the gauntlet, scalped, and burned at the stake by the bloodthirsty red-man.

On other occasions, the little girl had to enact

the part of various kinds of game. Once she was supposed to be a squirrel in the top of a tree. So good a marksman was her cousin that she was hit by an arrow and came tumbling to the ground at his feet. The terrified little hunter carried her limp body into the house with a conscience torn as it probably never has been since, crying: "I am a murderer. It wasn't an accident. I killed her." Young bones are supple, and the little girl had happily sustained no injury.

Mr. Bones's house stood next to the United States Arsenal, which, after the close of the war, was occupied by the Federal troops. Tommy and Jessie never tired of going to the guard-house, at the entrance to the arsenal grounds, to look at the soldiers and talk with them. One day, however, Jessie's mother explained to her that those friends of theirs were Yankees and had fought against the South. It was a great blow to the couple, and they often discussed the feasibility of converting the Yankees into Presbyterians — all good people being Presbyterians and all wicked ones Yankees.

Tom Wilson, for one reason or another, was not

taught his letters until long past the date at which most youngsters have learned to read. It may have been that his mother, who had been strenuously taught in her young years in England and who used in later life to speak feelingly of the folly of having to learn Latin in one's sixth year, had ideas of her own about forcing the young intellect. It may have been his father, who was a man of very great positiveness and originality of opinion, was averse to having his son get his first glimpses into the world of knowledge otherwise than through himself. But, however it came about, Tom Wilson was not taught his alphabet until he was nine years old. There was a great deal of reading aloud in the family, not only his father and mother, but his two sisters frequently reading him choice extracts from standard books. Sir Walter Scott and Dickens were made familiar to the lad in this way: he remembers still the pleasure which his father showed in "Pickwick," reading the instalments aloud, with Mrs. Wilson as the special audience, though even at the early age of eight the boy remembers that he appreciated much of the humor

of the young author — just as Dickens himself asserted that at the same age he appreciated the humor of some of the situations which he later recorded in "Pickwick Papers."

The lad attended the best schools Augusta offered. Public schools were either non-existent or so poor as to be worthless, so the boy was put at an institution kept by Prof. Joseph T. Derry, with a habitation over the post-office on Jackson Street. Its pupils played in the old "burnt lot" near the bell tower. Later, Professor Derry moved his school to a building on the river bank next to some cotton warehouses. Here the boys made the warehouses their playgrounds, exploring and playing hide-and-seek among the cotton bales. It is still a recollection that the youngsters of that day, when bent upon some boyish prank, found that a pad gathered from the cotton bales was an effective protection from deserved punishment.

Joseph Rucker Lamar, now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a pupil of Professor Derry at about the same time. Joe Lamar was the son of

another minister in the city — the Rev. James S. Lamar, pastor of the Christian Church, who lived in a house on McIntosh Street next to the Wilsons. There were two Lamar boys, Joe and Phil, and they were rather given to squabbling. Joe was the bigger, but Phil was an active little chap, and when Joe was administering a "licking," he would grow so enraged that his contortions provoked Joe to such laughter that he would fall down and helplessly allow the smaller boy to administer the drubbing. Other schoolmates of Tom Wilson were William A. Keener, sometime professor of law at Harvard and later dean of the Columbia University Law School. Still another was William Doughty, now a physician of Augusta.

Prof. John T. Derry, much beloved of all his pupils, had returned home from four years in the Confederate Army to teach. He is the author of several books and is now in the Agricultural Department of the State of Georgia. Mr. Derry says that Tom Wilson was a quiet, studious boy, and he speaks with the greatest delight of the Augusta days. "Thirty-five

years," he says, "I spent in teaching, fourteen instructing boys in Augusta, seventeen as professor of languages and history in Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga., and four years teaching boys and girls in Atlanta. Among my pupils I can count a governor (Woodrow Wilson); a justice of the United States Supreme Court (Joseph Lamar); Congressmen; legislators, sons, daughters, and wives of generals, governors, senators, and representatives. But no part of my career as a teacher gives me more pleasure than the memory of the select classical school on the banks of the Savannah at Augusta, Ga."

But young Wilson's real instructor during the Augusta days was his father. Long before the age at which boys are imbibing knowledge from books he was already receiving from the lips of his father an education more varied, more practical and sound than any that could otherwise have come to him.

Father and son were constant companions, but it was Sunday afternoons that the elder devoted particularly to his son's training. Then, sitting on the floor, or rather reclining there

against an inverted chair, the gifted parson poured out into the ears of the spellbound lad all the stores of his experience, learning, and thought. He was a man of wide information on the affairs of the world, a judge of good literature, a master of the queen of the sciences, theology, and, withal, a man of much imaginative power — mingling with the warp of sound and well-founded thought the woof of picturesque fancy. Above all, the elder Wilson had a clean-working mind. He had a way of recognizing facts, and the processes of his thought dealt with them in the light of reason. If the boy had learned nothing else, he would have been happy indeed to have been guided from the beginning into the ways of clear, cold thinking.

And Doctor Wilson was a master of the English language. He believed that nobody had a thought until he could put it quickly and definitely into words. This he did himself, and this he taught his son to do. So that when the boy came to learn the written symbols in which speech is set down he was learning only a method of recording and transmitting a lan-

guage which he already was well able to handle.

On Mondays the father would almost without exception take his son out with him on some excursion in the city or neighboring country. On a Monday the two would visit the machine shops; Tom would be shown furnaces, boilers, machinery; taught to follow the release of power from the coal to the completion of its work in a finished product of steel or of cotton. He remembers to this day the impression made upon him then by the gigantic engines, the roar of furnaces, or the darting up of sheets of flame; he remembers great forges presided over by sooty-faced imps. In this fashion, by a continual round of visits of inspection in which the sight of visible things and visible processes was the text of running lectures on the principles of nature, chemistry, physics, and of the organization of human society, the boy learned what he would have had great difficulty in learning from books alone.

CHAPTER III

OFF TO COLLEGE

THE Wilsons moved from Augusta to Columbia, S. C., in the autumn of 1870, the Rev. Dr. Wilson resigning his pastorate in order to become a professor in the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary. His chair was that of pastoral and evangelistic theology. He retained it four years.

Columbia is a statutory — an artificial — city, its location having been determined by the desire of South Carolina to have a capital in the exact centre of the state. Neither city nor surrounding country offered the opening mind of the boy much of suggestion or inspiration.

Tom appears to have retreated here into the more exciting scenes of an imaginative life. He forsook in mind the streets of the commonplace town and the dreary banks of the Congaree, and adventured forth in search of exploits in far-off

lands. All boys do something of the sort, but there can be no doubt that, in the case of this young dreamer, the exercise of imagination was constant and vivid and that during a great part of his days he lived, so far as his mind was concerned, in one or another of the various characters which he had invented and assumed.

Thus for many months he was an Admiral of the Navy, and in that character wrote out daily reports to the Navy Department. His main achievement in this capacity was the discovery and destruction of a nest of pirates in the Southern Pacific Ocean. It appears that the Government, along with all the people of the country, had been terrified by the mysterious disappearance of ships setting sail from or expected at our Western ports. Vessels would set out with their precious freight, never to be heard from again, swallowed up in the bosom of an ocean on which no known war raged, no known storms swept. Admiral Wilson was ordered to investigate with his fleet. After an eventful cruise they overtook, one night, a piratical looking craft with black hull and rakish rig. Again

and again the chase eluded the Admiral. Finally the pursuit led the fleet to the neighborhood of an island uncharted and hitherto unknown. Circumnavigation seemed to prove it bare and uninhabited, with no visible harbor. There was, however, a narrow inlet which seemed to end at an abrupt wall of rock a few fathoms inland. Something, however, finally led the Admiral to send a boat into this inlet — and it was discovered that it was the cunningly contrived entrance to a spacious bay, the island being really a sort of atoll. Here lay the ships of the outlawed enemy and the dismantled hulls of many of their victims. And it may be believed that the brave American tars, under the leadership of the redoubtable Admiral, played a truly heroic part in the destruction of the pirates and the succor of such of their victims as survived.

These are two things worth noting about this story: First, the length of time — several months — in which the boy lived the greater part of his waking hours in the character which he had invented; and, second, the verisimilitude with which the details relating to the great

adventure were set forth in the daily "reports." While the climax of the story is, of course, extravagantly romantic, the boy's written account of the details of day's after day's events consists of the plainest and most realistic statement of commonplace things that would actually have happened. In reading this singular manuscript, one thinks of Defoe and the art with which that master story-teller built up his extraordinary effects out of a mass of commonplace circumstances.

About this time Woodrow was reading Cooper's sea tales and Marryat's yarns, and, though he had never seen a ship in his life — never even seen the ocean — he knew every particular of every class or type of sailing ship, the name, place, and use of every spar, sheet, and shroud.

At Columbia, Woodrow — as he began now to be commonly called — attended the school kept by Mr. Charles Heyward Barnwell. But his real education continued to be conducted by his father.

He was now approaching the age for college.

In spite of his late start at books, he had rapidly qualified in the ordinary preparatory studies, and at seventeen — in the autumn of 1873 — he was sent off to college.

Davidson College, in famous Mecklenburg County, N. C., is a prosperous institution now, and forty years ago was a staunch school. The fact that the Rev. Dr. Wilson had been approached in connection with its presidency may have had something to do with its choice for Woodrow, but it was believed to be (and with reason) an excellent college of stout Presbyterian proclivities and thorough teaching. Though it stood, then, in the midst of an unkempt field, the central building was a fabric of considerable nobility, with a rotunda and dome and two side wings. A long corridor ran through the length of the building — much to the detriment of discipline, it is remembered. The central building contained a chapel and recitation rooms, while the wings were dormitories.

Living was rather primitive; the boys kept their own rooms, filled their own lamps — for they had only kerosene — cut up and brought

in the wood for their own fires, and carried in water from the pump outside. Wilson's room was on the ground floor, luckily; it was rather a job to carry arm-loads of wood to remote rooms on the upper floors. There still lingers at Davidson the tradition that Tom Wilson established a record in the minimum time necessary to dress, cross the campus, and be in his seat when the before-breakfast chapel bell stopped ringing. His room-mate was a young Irishman, William Lecky by name, who was killed shortly after leaving college.

When Wilson was there, Davidson was a very small village, only having the college buildings, the home of the faculty, one general store, and two small grocery stores, where the boys bought their cigars and tobacco, and canned oysters, sardines, cheese, and crackers for their nightly feasts. Squire Allison, who was also the postmaster, and John Scofield were the owners of these little groceries, and were famous characters in the lives of the boys.

Instruction at Davidson was rather better than was common at small colleges in those

days. The University of North Carolina had closed on account of the war, as had some of the other leading colleges in the South, and Davidson reaped the benefit of having such professors as Dr. Charles Phillips and Col. William Martin from the State University, Blake and Anderson from South Carolina, Richardson from Mississippi, and Latimer from Virginia, all of them excellent teachers in their respective lines. Still, it can hardly be said that Wilson received much intellectual impulse here, although he probably added something to his stock of knowledge. His college-mates included a score or more who afterward made reputations in the world, perhaps the most eminent being R. B. Glenn, who became Governor of North Carolina. His classmates remember nothing unusual about Wilson when at Davidson College. They say he had an open, engaging face, pleasant manners, and was very generally liked. They agree that he was not very much interested in games, which then consisted of baseball and "shinny." However, he played baseball for a while on the college nine and had the pleasure of hearing the

captain say: "Wilson, you would make a dandy player if you were not so damn lazy." He was a great walker and at times seemed to like to be alone, walking the country about apparently wrapped in thought. Still he was, as a rule, a very social animal, and a great talker in congenial company. When the fellows repaired to his room they would generally find him curled up on the bed with a book in his hand, reading. He joined one of the literary societies, the "Eumenean."

Once a year, in February, a holiday was given to every student on which he was to plant a tree — so, whether Wilson did it to get the holiday, or because he wanted to do something useful, he planted an elm on the campus at Davidson, and it stands there strong and upright to-day.

Early in the year, a small incident in class fastened upon him a nickname. The rhetoric class being engaged upon that well-known part of Trench's "English, Past and Present" which sets forth (much after the manner of the Wamba in the opening chapter in "Ivanhoe") how good Saxon beasts take Norman names when they

come to the table, the professor asked Woodrow: "What is calves' meat when served at table?" and received the hasty reply, "Mutton!" Wilson was "Monsieur Mouton" for the rest of the year.

Indeed, he did not finish the year, for he fell ill just before the examinations came on, and was taken to his home, now at Wilmington, N. C., to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, to which city Doctor Wilson had just been called.

Woodrow remained in his father's house at Wilmington throughout the year 1874-75. It had been determined that he should not return to Davidson, but should go to Princeton, and he spent the year tutoring in Greek and a few other studies which it was thought might be necessary for entrance at the Northern university.

In truth, there was a good deal of play done that year, too. The boy had grown too fast, and was hardly fit for the rigid schedule of college life. So he "took it easy" that year, in a city, the first he had ever lived in that possessed

any particular local charm. Wilmington was an old and historic place. It was a seaport; for the first time, Woodrow saw a ship and caught the smell of the sea. Foreign shipping floated in the noble river or lay at the docks. Wilmington was a great depot for naval stores; its lower streets were redolent of life on the deep. Talk was still full of the adventures of the blockade-runners of the war lately ended, Wilmington having been a favorite port of the desperate men and swift ships that then made so many gallant chapters of sea history. What imaginative youth from the interior but would have haunted the docks and made an occasional trip down to the Cape, to return with the pilot of an outgoing ship.

For the first time, here, too, the young man began to take part in the social life which is so important an element of existence in the South. He was really too young for the associations into which he was now thrown, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson immediately achieving devoted popularity, the parsonage swiftly becoming a social rendezvous of the city. It was a city of gentlemen of good

company and women who would have been esteemed brilliant the world over.

It was a chap very different from the raw youth of Davidson who, one day in September, 1875, took the "Washington and Weldon" train for the North to enter Princeton College.

CHAPTER IV

A STUDENT AT PRINCETON

WHEN Woodrow Wilson got off the train at the little station in Princeton, early in September, 1875, one of 134 newcomers, he found himself in a charming old town of maples, elms, and catalpas, among which stood the college buildings, dating, one of them, back to 1756. Almost within view of the metropolis of the hemisphere, Princeton, three miles from a railway main line, was, as it is still, uniquely sequestered, the noise of the city's activities reaching it as a dim echo — as the murmur of waves that beat on shores scarcely aware of the winds that raised them.

But it was very far from being the Princeton of to-day. It was still the "College of New Jersey," commonly known as "Princeton College." The college buildings numbered only sixteen; Witherspoon Hall was just about to be

begun. The faculty consisted of twenty-seven professors and instructors, seven of them Presbyterian ministers. It can scarcely be said to have contained any great teachers, but there were in it several men of considerable force of personality — the president, Dr. James McCosh; Professors Charles A. Young, the astronomer; Cyrus Brackett, John T. Duffield, William A. Packard, a cultured Latinist; Arnold Guyot, the celebrated geologist and geographer. President McCosh was in his prime, but Professor Guyot was on the verge of retirement. Princeton in 1875 was a good old-fashioned college where a man might learn his physics, his logic, his moral science, mathematics, "belles lettres," astronomy, go on with his Latin and Greek, and study the harmony of science and revealed religion as well as anywhere.

The place, full of traditions of the Revolutionary War, had been a favorite resort of Southern students up to 1861. The first war had battered the front of Old Nassau Hall, and the second had done more substantial, if less picturesque, damage in withdrawing from the

institution a large part of its Southern patronage — the South could ill afford to send its young men far away to college now. This year, indeed, there came twenty men from the Southern States. It is remembered that some of these youths needed reconstruction; one of them needed it badly: Peter J. Hamilton of Alabama later developed into a man whose career is a credit to his native state as well as to his college, but he came up to Princeton a rare "fire-eater." In the campaign year of 1876, the last in which "the bloody shirt" was flagrantly waved, Hamilton demonstrated his sentiments by going out into the street rather than pass underneath a national flag suspended over the sidewalk. The action got noised about, and Hamilton was waited on at night by a committee of students, who pulled him out of bed, made him do reverence to the emblem he had disdained, and, after sundry hazing stunts, wrapped him in the flag and put him back to bed.

Wilson is remembered in no such way. He was known as a Democrat of stout opinions from the day he first opened his mouth on the campus,

but no recollection remains of his having displayed any sectional passion. A classmate remembers, however, that on one occasion when a group of fellows were talking of the misfortunes that follow in the wake of war, Wilson, who was in the group, cried out, "You know nothing whatever about it!" and with face as white as a sheet of paper abruptly left the company. Nevertheless, one of his nearest friends of that day remarks that it was only years after, as he was reading a tribute to General Lee in the "History of the American People," that he first realized the Southern origin of his old classmate.

All testimony goes to indicate that "Tom" Wilson immediately took his place as a leader in the class. He appeared as a young fellow of great maturity of character, blended with unusual freshness of interest in all things pertaining to college life. He had the manners of a young aristocrat. His speech was cultured. He soon won the reputation of already wide reading and sound judgment. There is abundant evidence that he was, from the start, a marked figure among the men who now con-

stitute the "famous class of '79." There have been more famous Princeton graduates than these, but there has never been a class of so high an average of ability. Robert Bridges, one of the editors of *Scribner's Magazine;* the Rev. Dr. A. S. Halsey, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Charles A. Talcott, M. C.; Mahlon Pitney, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Robert H. McCarter, ex-Attorney-General of New Jersey; Edward W. Sheldon, president of the United States Trust Company; Col. Edwin A. Stevens of New Jersey; Judge Robert R. Henderson of Maryland are only typical members of a class of unusual mental capacity. Among such men, Wilson from the start ranked high.

Not as a student perhaps. He was never a bright particular star in examinations. Princeton graduated as "honor men" such students as had maintained throughout their four years' course an average of 90 per cent. No less than forty-two out of the 122 graduates of '79 were "honor men." Wilson barely got in among them; he ranked forty-first in the class.

The fact is that this son of clergymen and editors hadn't come to school to pass through a standardized curriculum and fill his head with the knowledge prescribed in a college catalogue. He had come to prepare himself for a particular career — and before he had been at Princeton three months he had finally determined on what that career should be.

The class historian, Harold ("Pete") Godwin, celebrating the advent in Princeton of the members of the class that graduated in '79, declares that on arrival "Tommy Wilson rushed to the library and took out Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason.'"

To the library Tommy Wilson unquestionably did rush. But not to read of pure reason; if ever there were a student who demanded facts, concrete subjects, applied reason, it was this same Wilson, even in his early college days.

The truth is that, prowling in the alcoves of the Chancellor Green Library — new then — one day early in the term, the boy stopped at the head of the south stairs, where the bound magazines were kept, and his hand fell upon a file

of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that ancient and respectable repository of English literature which Dr. Samuel Johnson had helped to start, away back in the middle of the eighteenth century, with his reports of parliamentary debates. When Johnson lay on his death-bed, refusing to take "inebriating substance" and having the church service read to him daily, he declared that his only compunction was those parliamentary reports. For, of course, they were "fakes" ingeniously composed with the aid of William Guthrie, a Scotsman, who had a way of getting into the House. Nevertheless, the eavesdropper's meagre recollections amplified into lengthy speeches full of sonorous generalities in the true Johnsonian style (the redactor taking mighty good care "that the Whig dogs should get the worst of it") lay at the foundation of the prosperity of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Now it happened that in the '70's last, the editor of the day (himself not an unworthy successor of Edward Cave), feeling round for an attractive feature, hit upon the idea of resuming the parliamentary reports. Accordingly,

there began in the number for January, 1874, a series of articles entitled "Men and Manner in Parliament" by "The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds" — the signature being an allusion to a parliamentary practice which need not be explained to those familiar with English affairs. The author was introduced by the editor "with particular pride and satisfaction."

"He is, I think, a not altogether unworthy successor, after a long interval, of one who gave to the readers of this periodical the at first unprivileged and now historical narratives of the proceedings of Parliament some hundred and thirty years ago."

Thomas Woodrow Wilson happened to pick up this volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and to turn to the pages occupied by "Men and Manner in Parliament" — and from that moment his life-plan was fixed.

It was an era of brilliant parliamentary history. There were giants in those days: John Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, Earl Granville, Vernon Harcourt — the personnel of the House of Commons had never been more picturesque,

the atmosphere more electrical. The "Member for the Chiltern Hundreds," in intimate daily familiarity with the parliamentary scene and its actors, wrote in a style of delicious charm — the leisurely style of good-humored banter and elegant trifling, his chatter nevertheless affording withal a picture of unsurpassable vividness, vivacity, and verity. He made to live before the eye the figure of Bright, coming into the House with his chiseled and polished witticisms in his pocket, ready for setting in the framework of a speech; of Gladstone, a marvel of verbal resourcefulness, bewildering when (as usual) he wished to bewilder, clarifying and convincing when the time for clear statement had come; of Disraeli, with his poisoned sentences spoken to the accompaniment of bodily jerks (supposed to be gestures) "graceful as the waddling of a duck across a stubble field." He drew unforgettable pictures of Mr. Lowe, Sir James Elphinston, "the bo'sun," Mr. Scoonfield, with his anecdotes — of scores of others, their voices, attitudes, their very collars. Safe behind his anonymity, there was no personality, no measure, no method

upon which "the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds" hesitated to turn his keen and discerning eye.

It will be news to Mr. Wilson that the *Gentleman's Magazine* contributor was Henry W. Lucy, who later created for *Punch* the character of "Toby, M. P.," and was knighted by King Edward. It should be said, however, that this inimitable parliamentary reporter has never since quite equaled his early performance as the anonymous successor of Doctor Johnson.

Nothing could have better served to awaken in a young reader a sense of the picturesqueness and dramatic interest of politics, and Mr. Wilson has said to the writer of this biography that no one circumstance did more to make public life the purpose of his existence, nor more to determine the first cast of his political ideas. The young man turned back to the first volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Then, going to other sources, he took up in earnest the study of English political history. He became saturated with the spirit of the life and practices of the British Parliament; the excitements of political

life enchanted him; the methods of high debate impressed themselves upon him, and, of course, the history of England for many years past became as familiar to him as that of his own country.

The Lucy articles could not fail to reveal that the business of the British Empire was done in public by men who, through their talents, had risen to leadership which they had to maintain in daily tournaments before the whole world. Wilson was almost immediately led to contrast the British system of government with that of America, his conclusion being that the dramatic and swiftly responsive English system was infinitely the better.

This subject — the methods of democratic government — the comparative merits of open parliamentary and private committee government — became a theme around which Wilson's mind continued to revolve for many years, as we shall see.

The characteristic thing about Wilson's undergraduate days at Princeton was that his work was done in practical independence of the ordi-

nary college routine of instruction — at which even in those days he was sometimes heard to rail. His mind had now settled definitely upon a public career — the impulse he had received from the *Gentleman's Magazine* had been decisive. His purpose in Princeton was henceforth the clear and single one of preparing himself for public life. Always he was reading, thinking, and writing about government. He was in no sense a "dig," and seemed to have no particular ambition in the college studies, but he devoted every energy to the furnishing and the training of his mind as an authority on government, the history of government, and leadership in public life. He began to practise the elective system ten years before Princeton did. He had an eye keen for what he needed, and to its pursuit he gave all his energies. There was nothing casual nor accidental in his work. His study was bent on government, the history of various attempts in it, and the theory of it, and the lives of political leaders. To this he added assiduous practice in writing and extemporaneous speaking; the seeking for skill in expression and readiness

in debate. He followed this course from the very start and kept it up until the day he graduated. His most intimate classmate, Robert Bridges, says of him that his college career was remarkable for the "confident selection" of his work, and his "easy indifference" to all subjects not directly in line with his purpose. His business in college apparently was to train his mind to do what he wanted it to do — and what he wanted it to do he knew. He had already made himself proficient in stenography, finding it of great value in making digests of what he read and quotations which would otherwise have occupied him long.

Princeton was not then remarkable in the teaching of English; the head of the English Department, Professor Murray, was himself a clear writer and speaker, yet without special grace of style. But the men trained themselves, in literary societies. The body of the students was divided into two "Halls," so-called secret societies, but really debating clubs — the American Whig Society and the Cliosophic Society. Wilson belonged to Whig Hall, an organization

whose constitution had been written by James Madison.

Here the young man was in his glory. He entered eagerly into its traditions and became almost immediately one of its leading spirits. To reading and writing day and night upon his favorite themes he began to add practice in elocution. One of his classmates troubled with a weak throat, who was sent down to Potter's woods to practise exercises, often saw Wilson in another part of the woods declaiming from a volume of Burke. On vacations he was known to spend a good deal of time reading aloud and declaiming in his father's church at Wilmington. Another debating society organized by Wilson himself, called the Liberal Debating Club, was fashioned after the British Parliament, a group of the members representing the government, and being obliged to maintain the confidence of the chamber or go out of power.

Wilson does not appear as a great prize-winner. His record does not compare with that of Elsing, Bridges, or Halsey. Elsing was the first freshman speaker, the first sophomore

orator, the first junior orator and winner of the junior debate. However, Wilson did score as second sophomore orator in the Whig Hall contest and was one of the literary men of the class, an oration on Cobden and an essay on Lord Chatham (the elder Pitt) being especially recorded. Chatham, Burke, Brougham, and Bagehot were his great favorites — Burke first of all. From Brougham it may be conjectured he acquired his taste for a finished peroration — though the fancy never led him into the extravagances of the Irish orator, who one day ended a speech with an ecstatic prayer, for which he fell on his knees — a posture from which his friends dragged him in an unseemly struggle, attributing his collapse to over-indulgence in the port with which he was accustomed to prime himself. Macaulay held the student's attention for a while, but he soon became critical of the historian's overloaded style.

Connected with the two big prizes of the college are two stories which throw light upon Wilson's character as a student. The English Literary Prize of $125 his classmates thought

that Wilson might easily win; but when he learned that to compete meant to spend time studying Ben Jonson and two plays of Shakespeare, he refused to go into it, saying he had no time to spare from the reading that interested him.

The other big prize, that of the Lynde Debate, had been founded the year of Wilson's entrance to college, and he had undoubtedly looked forward to winning it, throughout his course. The Lynde was an extemporaneous discussion participated in by three representatives from each of the two Halls. The Halls' representatives were thus chosen: a subject was proposed by a committee and candidates were required to argue on either side as was determined by lot. By universal consent Wilson was now the star debater of the Whig Society. He was quite in a class by himself, and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that he would represent the Hall and win the prize. The subject for the preliminary debate in Whig Hall was "Free-Trade versus Protection." Wilson put his hand into the hat and drew out a slip which required him

to argue in favor of "Protection." He tore up the slip and refused to debate. He was a convinced and passionate free-trader, and nothing under heaven, he swore, would induce him to advance arguments in which he did not believe. "Bob" Bridges became Whig Hall's representative — and lost to "Wood" Halsey, Clio's man — who attributes his success to the fact that an opponent who would have vanquished him was oversensitive.

It will not be supposed that life was all work even for this rather serious-minded youth.

Princeton was famous for the pranks of its students. On one occasion, they had taken a donkey to the cupola of Nassau Hall. Every class considered itself disgraced unless it had made way with the clapper of the college bell. There was a cane-rush between freshmen and sophomores. The '78 class wore the mortar-board; the '79's did not. Wilson ridiculed '78's head-gear.

Wilson lived first at the house of Mrs. Wright. One of his classmates, "Bob" McCarter, who also lived at Mrs. Wright's, tells of a certain

evening when the two were engaged in Wilson's study in a quiet game of euchre, a forbidden pastime in those days. On the table, as it happened, lay a Bible. A knock was heard at the door; McCarter swiftly swept the cards out of sight under the table and went to the door. Before he opened it, he turned his head for a moment, the thought flashing over him that the conscientious Wilson might have put the cards back in plain view on the table, but what he saw was — Wilson reading the Bible.

It was the time of the great popularity of "Pinafore" and the strains of "My Little Buttercup," and "What! Never?" were all the go. Doctor Greene of the Princeton Seminary possessed a deep, solemn voice. One day in chapel he gave out unctuously the hymn containing the well-known stanza:

> That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake
> I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

But the effect was somewhat spoiled by an irreverent voice in the rear of the chapel: "What! never?"

Fraternities were not permitted at Princeton, but the college had plenty of organizations of every possible variety and description — "Cyclops," "The Potato Bugs," "The Princeton Gas Company." Wilson belonged to none besides the "Whig," his little debating circle, and an eating club, whose members called themselves "The Alligators."

When Witherspoon Hall was finished, Wilson moved into it. His room was 7, west. At this time it is recorded that he weighed 156 pounds and stood five feet eleven.

While without particular inclination or ability in athletics — and while back in '75-'79 athletics did not play the part in college life that it now plays — Woodrow Wilson was a leader in the encouragement of sports, and in '78-'79 was president of the Athletic Committee, at another time of the Baseball Association.

His classmates and schoolmates concur in describing the college lad as a fellow of dignity, yet perfectly democratic. The picture is that of a youth of unusual mental and moral maturity — a well-poised fellow, never a roisterer, yet

always full of life and interested in everything that was going on. He was popular — of that there can be no doubt. The young man had a certain charm of manner and sweetness of soul that forbade anybody's disliking him, although he was generally felt to be "a little above the crowd." He never belonged to a clique. He was a normal college boy, not a prig nor a "dig" nor a "grind," but a healthy, hearty, all-around chap, interested in everything that was going on, mingling with everybody — though cherishing some particular friendships that have endured.

The years passed. Recitations were attended, examinations duly passed. The library yielded up its secrets to the mind; life in the little commonwealth of young men matured the character; intercourse with kindred spirits awakened generous enthusiasms. In '77 Tom Wilson went on the board of editors of the *Princetonian*, the college newspaper, then a bi-weekly. In '78 he became its managing editor. Under his management it continued about as before — not overwhelmingly interesting to the outsider,

though here and there is discernible a little brightness scarcely to be found in earlier issues. Occasionally we discover a satirical note like this:

A literary meeting was held at Doctor McCosh's residence on the evening of the 13th. Mr. David Stewart read a paper on Ethics. The *discussion* was interesting.

A department headed "Here and There" was the *Princetonian's* best feature. Once in a while its writer broke into rhyme — not always so tragically sad as this:

"I will work out a rhyme
If I only have time,"
Said the man of "Here and There,"
So he tried for a while:
Result — a loose pile
Of his beautiful golden hair.

During his senior year Wilson threw into the form of a closely reasoned essay the chief results of his thinking on the subject of the American contrasted with the British system of government. This article he sent to what was regarded as the most serious magazine then published in

America, and it was immediately accepted for publication. The author was twenty-two years old and an undergraduate.

In the files of the *International Review*, issue of August, 1879, may be found an article entitled "Cabinet Government in the United States," signed by Thomas W. Wilson. It was an impeachment of government by "a legislature which is practically irresponsible," and a plea for a reformed method under which Congress should be again made responsible and swiftly responsive in some such way as is the British Parliament. The author's quarrel is with the practice of doing all the important work of Congress in secret committees. Secrecy, he says, is the atmosphere in which all corruption and evil flourishes. "Congress should legislate as if in the presence of the whole country, in open and free debate." (These words were written thirty-two years ago.) He attributes the growth of the committee system to the lack of leaders in Congress, and his plan for the creation of leaders is that of giving Cabinet ministers a seat in Congress. He quotes Justice

Story to the effect that the heads of departments, even if they were not allowed to vote, might without danger be admitted to participate in Congressional debates. Wilson argues with much ingenuity that the method he urges is the ideal one for the insuring of a strong Congress and a strong Cabinet, for securing the attention of the country (the possibilities of Congressional debate and the fall of the Cabinet being dramatic), and for the insurance of the greatest possible amount of publicity.

With this achievement of breaking into a high-class magazine, Woodrow Wilson closed his undergraduate days at Princeton. During his senior year he had concluded that the best path to a public career lay through the law. In the autumn, therefore, he matriculated in the law department of the University of Virginia, that seat of liberal learning organized by Thomas Jefferson.

CHAPTER V

STILL STUDYING LAW AND POLITICS

WAR and Reconstruction had reduced the number of students at Charlottesville to 328 in the session of 1879-80, but War and Reconstruction had not lowered Virginia's lofty standard either of scholarship or of honor. Wilson's life here was in many respects a repetition of that at Princeton. Here, too, he immediately took his place as a leader. The law school men were in close fellowship with the undergraduates of "Virginia." Study was rather more necessary than at Princeton in those days; a man had to work to pass his examinations — these, by the way, were conducted on the "honor plan." Still, there was a gay set as well as a steady set, and Wilson had friends among both sets.

Sports were engaged in to the extent of an occasional baseball game among the students

or with a nine from a neighboring town, a foot-race or two in the autumn, and some boat-racing on the little Rivanna River in the spring. There was also a gymnasium, and prizes were given the proficient; intercollegiate contests were unknown. Wilson played a little baseball and took long walks through the pleasant country lying about, often alone, though sometimes with a favorite companion. At Princeton Greek-letter fraternities were illegal, but they existed with the approval of the faculty at the University of Virginia, and on October 25, 1879, Wilson was initiated into the Phi Kappa Psi.

He joined the chapel choir and the glee club. The latter circle of harmonious spirits, directed by Duncan Emmett, now and for some years past a practising physician of New York City, made serenading excursions in the country 'round about, two or three times a week, winding up its pleasure-imparting career with a Grand Concert in the Town Hall. Wilson many a night stumbled along the rocky roads with his fellow glee-men to arrive at last under the balcony of some damsel and lift his fine tenor

voice in "She sleeps, my lady sleeps," and "Speed away!" At the Grand Concert, which was given on the evening of the Final Ball, a brilliant audience that crowded the hall beheld the prize-orator and prize-writer step down to the footlights and render a touching tenor solo. Wilson is best remembered as a singer, however, by the thrilling effect with which he usually achieved the high note near the end of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Wilson did a good deal of writing while at Charlottesville. From the road in front of "Dawson's Row" passersby would see him sitting at the window in the southeast corner of "House F," darkly engaged with an ink-bottle, out of which he had conjured, before a year was up, the Writer's Prize.

In March, 1880, the *University Magazine* printed an article by him on John Bright; in the following month another on Gladstone. The young man's mind still ran, as it had run at Princeton, on the personality of the great political leaders.

The John Bright article was really a version

of an oration which Wilson was delivering that month. So great had his reputation grown in six months that there was a considerable demand from outside the university for admission, and the occasion was thrown open to the public.

At Charlottesville, as at Princeton, the student-body was divided into two literary and debating societies: the Washingtonian and the Jeffersonian — in the common tongue, "Wash" and "Jeff." The fortunes of each alternately waxed and waned; "Jeff" was the stronger in 1879, and Wilson joined it. His talents at once won recognition, but he found a competitor to respect in another "Jeff" man, William Cabell Bruce, of Charlotte County, Va., a young orator of extraordinary ability. He was later president of the Maryland Senate, and is now president of the Woodrow Wilson Association of Maryland.

The chief annual event at Charlottesville was a debating contest in the Jeffersonian Society, at which two gold medals were awarded, one for debating, the other for oratorical ability. The subject was: "Is the Roman Catholic in the

United States a menace to American institutions?" In the contest, April 1880, in which Bruce and Wilson (he taking the negative) participated, Bruce was given the debater's medal, while the orator's prize went to Wilson. The opinion of pretty nearly everybody, aside from the judges, was that the award should have been reversed. Bruce was ornate in style; Wilson simple, direct and logical.

In a wholly different vein from his speeches in the "Jeff" Society was one notable effort in which the university's favorite appeared when he delivered medals to the winners in athletic games. Having agreed to make this presentation, Wilson was very much exercised as to what to say and imparted his perplexity to an intimate friend, Richard H. Dabney (now dean of Graduate Studies in the university). Whereupon Dabney, who was in a merry mood, rattled off two pieces of nonsense which he suggested would about suit the taste of the audience in the gymnasium. Neither piece contained the slightest allusion to athletic sports. Yet somehow the orator worked them in, proclaiming the vic-

tory of the athletes in flesh-colored tights who stood lined before him in the verses:

'Twas in the gloaming, by the fair Wyoming,
That I left my darling, many years ago;
And memory tender brings her back in splendor
With her cheeks of roses and her brow of snow.

But where in thunder is she now, I wonder?
Oh, my soul, be quiet, and, my sad heart, hush!
Under the umbrella of another fellow
Ah! I think I see her, paddling through the slush!

A little farther along in the oration the cheering throng listened to the solemn recital of this moving sentiment:

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore and with a fragile reed I wrote upon the sand, "*Agnes, I love thee!*" But the mad waves rolled by, and blotted out the fair impression. Cruel waves! Treacherous sands! I'll trust you no more. But, with a giant's hand, I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore her tallest pine — and dip its top into the crater of Vesuvius — and upon the high and burnished heavens I'll write, "*Agnes, I love thee!*" and I'd like to see any doggoned wave wash that out!

Dabney was a good deal of a wag. Among the idiotic songs which for some inscrutable

reason periodically sweep over the country one of the silliest was the favorite in 1880. Everybody will recall it:

> Whoa, Emma! Whoa, Emma!
> You put me in such a dilemma —

although few will recall the nature of the dilemma from which the victim clamored for relief. On one occasion Wilson was quoting the lines in which Hamlet, after speaking of the "customary suits of solemn black," worn by mourners, exclaims:

> "But I have that within me which passeth show;
> These, but the trappings — the suits of woe."

No sooner had he uttered the final "woe" than Dabney took it out of his mouth and completed it with an uproarious "Emma." No Shakespeare was quoted between the two friends for many months.

The gymnasium speech represents one of the few occasions in which the young student bent very far from his dignity in public, but in private he fairly bubbled with humor and wit, and was

very much given to monkey shines. The room in "Dawson's Row," and that in "West Range" which he later occupied, were the scenes not only of a great deal of hard reading, elevated thought, and serious conversation, but also of a great many elaborate jokes and abandoned capers.

As he had done at Princeton, Wilson at Charlottesville also organized a smaller group of thinking chaps for debate. A member of that group remembers Wilson's unspeakable disgust when they chose as the subject for one night's discussion the question whether there be any fundamental difference between right and wrong. Wilson was secretary of the "Jeff" Society during part of his time in Charlottesville, and the records kept by him in that capacity were a model of neatness and accuracy.

The law professors of the University of Virginia were Mr. Southall, who held the chair of international and common law, an easy-going and much-beloved man, and Dr. John B. Minor, who taught everything else in the course, and *was* in fact, the college of law.

Doctor Minor probably influenced Wilson

more than did any other teacher he ever had. He was indeed an able and forceful man, a really great teacher, who grounded his pupils, beyond all possibility of ever getting adrift, in the broad principles of law. He employed in class a text-book which he had himself written, or, rather, revised, for it was frankly based on Blackstone as that legal philosopher's teaching had application in the United States and especially in the state of Virginia. Doctor Minor was a man of impressive presence and fine face, with an aristocratic nose, at the extreme tip of which he wore *pince-nez*, through which he glanced at his roll-sheet. He used the Socratic method, with more than Socratic sternness. He catechised and he grilled, but with such effectiveness that, though the victim writhed — the class meanwhile mentally groaning in sympathy — he learned never to forget the point to which the professor led him. Wilson's seat was in the front row at the Professor's left hand. So popular, despite his severity, were Doctor Minor's courses, that it was a saying at Charlottesville that, if Minor were to an-

nounce an "exam" at midnight, a man had better be on hand at eleven o'clock to be sure of a seat.

As a young man, Wilson suffered much from indigestion — an ill which later he entirely outgrew. Just before Christmas, 1880, he found himself so unwell that he left Charlottesville. The next year he spent at home in Wilmington, N. C., nursing his health and reading.

In May, 1882, Woodrow Wilson went to Atlanta, to enter on the practice of law. Atlanta was chosen for this experiment simply because it was the most rapidly growing city of the South. The young man knew nobody there. He went to live at the boarding-house of Mrs. Boylston, born Drayton, and a member of that old South Carolina family, on Peachtree Street. Here he met another young man, like himself a stranger in the city, whither he too had come to practise law — Edward Ireland Renick. The two agreed on a partnership; on mutual inquiry, Renick proved to be slightly the older, so that the shingle was lettered "Renick & Wilson." It was hung out of the window of a

room on the second floor, facing the side street, of the building 48 Marietta Street.

Atlanta litigants did not rush *en masse* to 48 Marietta Street. In fact, they never came. The brilliant legal victories for which, no doubt, Messrs. Renick and Wilson were competent were never won. Atlanta seemed to prefer lawyers whom it had known.

Wilson's sole idea had been to use the law as a stepping-stone to a political career; most of the public men of the South had come from the ranks of the law. In eighteen months in Atlanta he learned that it was impossible for a man without private means to support himself long enough in law to get into public life; impossible, certainly, to establish a practice without giving up all idea of study and writing not strictly connected with the profession. The law was a jealous mistress. He had begun writing a book on Congressional Government, and he found the work of its composition full of joy. With joy he found he could not contemplate years of effort to further the interests of clients under the capricious and illogical statutes of

Georgia, interpreted by a Supreme Court whom he could not then look up to as masters in the law.

But the Atlanta experiment was not without its great good fortune:

During the summer of 1883 Mr. Wilson found time to make what turned out to be a momentous visit. His old playmate and cousin, Jessie Woodrow Bones, with whom he had played Indian on the Sand Hills near Augusta, was now living in Rome, Ga. Mr. Bones had started a branch of his business at Rome, and, finding the Georgia town the prettier and more agreeable place, had moved his family there. To Rome had come also another family with whom the Wilsons had been intimate in Augusta — the Axsons. The Axsons were a Georgia lowlands family; the Rev. S. Edward Axson's father was a distinguished clergyman in Savannah, and his wife's father, the Rev. Nathan Hoyt, was long pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Athens, Ga.

The calls upon his time not being entirely occupying, as has been hinted, young Wilson went to Rome to see his cousin — and stayed to see

more of Miss Ellen Louise Axson. The meeting was on the piazza of the Bones home in East Rome. To be accurate, it was not quite the couple's first meeting: he had been a passionate admirer of the lady when he was a boy of seven, and she was a baby. The sentiment of those days, beyond the recollection of either, revived. He took her home that evening — she lived in Rome across the river. She must have been captivating, for, as he came back across the bridge, he clenched his hand and took a silent oath that Ellen Louise Axson should one day be his wife.

Which also in due time came to pass.

They had seen each other eleven times before he had persuaded her to say "Yes." There was no idea of an immediate marriage. Already, perceiving that the practice of law was not the path for him, he had settled upon the plan of going to Johns Hopkins University to spend two or three years more studying the science of government.

The partnership of Renick & Wilson was dissolved. The young man to whom the people

of Atlanta gave so little encouragement, but who had won what made him inestimably happier than anything else Georgia could have given him, went north in September. About the same time Miss Axson too went to New York to develop her already recognized talents in painting, as a member of the Art Students' League.

The next two years of Woodrow Wilson's life were spent at Johns Hopkins University as a student of history and political economy. The professors who mainly directed his studies were the late Herbert B. Adams, historian, and Richard T. Ely (now of the University of Wisconsin), economist. The chief social life of the university (which is a place of graduate study chiefly and is without dormitories or "college life") was in the weekly seminars, in which perhaps thirty men gathered to read and discuss papers under the direction of a professor.

Here Wilson was one of an unusually interesting group, which included Albert Shaw and E. R. L. Gould, John Franklin Jameson, the historian; Arthur Yager, now president of Georgetown College, Kentucky, and Thomas

Dixon, who writes novels. (Dixon was not long at Johns Hopkins.) Professor Ely was just back from Europe, where he had been studying socialism and had fallen under the influence of certain German "socialists of the chair." He gave a course on the history of French and German socialism.

The advantages enjoyed at Johns Hopkins by Wilson lay, however, not so much in the hearing of lectures as in the opportunity of making researches under, and working with, Ely and Adams and his fellow-students. Here he got a valuable impulse in the direction of the careful and exact ascertaining of facts. Though always priding himself on dealing with actualities, Wilson was never a grubber after facts — and indeed never became one, as Jameson, for instance, did. But he undoubtedly did get here a training that balanced the natural tendency of his mind to work from within outward, and saved him from the consequences which might have followed the ease of expression he had attained.

He remained two years, the second year as holder of the Historical Fellowship. The time

was brightened by occasional visits to New York, and his fiancée, and to Philadelphia, where lived an uncle of hers whom she sometimes visited.

There was no glee club at Johns Hopkins, but Wilson set straightaway about organizing one, with the coöperation of Charles Levermore (now president of Adelphi College). Levermore's singing voice was as low as Wilson's was high. Prof. Charles S. Morris, of the department of Latin and Greek, one of the most kindhearted of men, consented to act as president of the club, and invited them to meet at his house once a month for an evening of social enjoyment. Every member of the glee club — to which belonged not only Shaw, Gould, and Yager, but Davis R. Dewey, Edward T. Ingle, David T. Day, B. J. Ramage, Charles Warren, and other men who have made themselves eminent — remembers the charming hospitality of the Morrises and the good fellowship and gay spirits of the remarkable group of students whom they entertained, or were entertained by. When it was proposed to give a concert at Hopkins Hall

and charge for admission in order to pay some expense of the organization, the grave gentlemen who at the time presided over the destinies of the university demurred. President Gilman offered to donate the necessary money provided the club would give its concert without admission fee. In the slight controversy that followed Wilson appeared as an insurgent, protesting that the glee club had its dignity to consider as well as had the university. The concert was given as originally planned, and no one felt that the dignity of the university suffered in the least from the performance. The picture of this group of young men still hangs in a conspicuous place in the rooms of the Historical Seminary, where its organization originated, and to which many of its members in later years returned to lecture.

One piece of writing that Wilson did at this period, a study of Adam Smith (not yet, you see, had he wearied of studying political personalities), was recognized by all as exceptional in felicity and power of expression. It was given magazine publication and later gave

the title to a volume of essays — "An Old Master."

Early in 1885 was completed and published — the result of the suggestion made by the perusal of the *Gentleman's Magazine* articles ten years before, and of constant thought and study ever since — a book, "Congressional Government. A Study of Government by Committee, by Woodrow Wilson." It was the first account of the actual working of the Constitution of the United States; an inspection of our Government, not as it is theoretically constituted, but as it actually works.

The book met with instant success. A serious work seldom makes a sensation, and that word would be too strong to apply to the impression produced by "Congressional Government," but it is quite true that it received an enthusiastic reception at the hands of all interested in public matters. Of its merits it is enough to say that Mr. James Bryce, in the preface to "The American Commonwealth," acknowledged his obligation to Woodrow Wilson.

It was a great moment in the life of the young

man — indeed a great moment for two young persons. Success like this meant that life was at last to begin. On the heels of the fame won by "Congressional Government" came invitations to several college chairs. There was more work still to be done for a Ph.D. But the Johns Hopkins faculty was to accept the book as a doctor's thesis, and the author accepted one of the calls — that from Bryn Mawr, which wanted him to come as associate in history and political economy.

Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Louise Axson were married at her grandfather's house in Savannah, on June 24, 1885. In the autumn they came to the pretty Welsh-named village on the "Main Line" near Philadelphia, and a new chapter of life began.

CHAPTER VI

"PROFESSOR" WILSON

A SCHOOL teacher's existence is not, in the narration, a thrilling story. The first seventeen years of Woodrow Wilson's life after he left Johns Hopkins University were spent in teaching. They were years of usefulness — thousands of students will testify to the still enduring inspiration they owe to them and to him. They were years of delightful living, of cultured and genial companionship. For leisurely reading, doubtless, there could be set down here a volume of interesting anecdote and scholarly banter and epigram, of pleasant fireside reminiscences of *savants* and big-wigs, of literary gossip, and humors of the lecture-room, with perhaps a bit or two of college scandal. No doubt there could be contrived a narrative, fascinating to patient psychologists, of the mental evolution that went on during

these years. For the purpose of this biography, however, the point is that they led up to one of the most dramatic and significant of recent battles for the cause of democracy and freedom and prepared a man for leadership in a bigger struggle, the battle-ground of which is the soil of the American Republic.

Briefly, then, of these college years:

It was with the unrelinquished purpose of having his part in the public life of the nation that Woodrow Wilson entered upon the profession of a teacher of law and politics. It can hardly be said, however, that his first position was one which gave promise of any large immediate influence on public affairs. A number of Johns Hopkins men, on the opening in 1885 of Bryn Mawr College, accepted as their first professorships places in the faculty of the new institution for women; the vulgar even referred to Bryn Mawr as "Johanna Hopkins." Some were so irreverent as to suggest that the young professors were "merely trying it on the dog." Professor Wilson, though called to Bryn Mawr primarily to give instruction in politics and

political economy, taught a good deal besides those subjects; classical history, and the history of the Renaissance fell to him. Perhaps the young ladies profited as much by his teaching of these latter subjects as they did by expositions of political science which could not have come very close home to many of them. His lectures are said on high authority to have been "marvels" of scholarship, profoundly impressing his classes. Yet there are not lacking bits of evidence which seem to betray a certain failure to take the idea of instructing young ladies in politics quite as seriously as some of the other faculty members took their tasks. The higher education of women was not then a thing accepted; 'twas rather an idea to be vindicated, and the people who had organized and who administered Bryn Mawr were in the mood to do a good job of vindication.

Professor Wilson worked very hard to make his lectures interesting; one of the faculty who lived next door testifies that the light in his study window was invariably burning long after everybody else had gone to bed. From the start-off

of his professional career Mr. Wilson appears to have realized the necessity of imparting vivacity and reality to his lectures; there is some ground to suspect that the intense young ladies who sat under him did not always appreciate the lighter side of his discourses. At all events, it is remembered that he appeared one day in the lecture-room without the long mustache which had up to then adorned his countenance — a sacrifice which, it was hinted, he had made in the hope of being hereafter better able to suggest to his classes certain delicacies of thought and fancy which they had shown little sign of apprehending.

Bryn Mawr College at the beginning consisted of Taylor Hall, and one dormitory — Merion. It opened with forty-three students. Three houses at the edge of the campus were occupied by the dean and professors, many of the latter being bachelors. Later Mr. Wilson leased a pretty cottage, the parsonage of the little Baptist Church on the old Gulf Road, in the midst of a lovely countryside. In this, their first home, the Wilsons took great pride and

satisfaction. In vacation time they went back South among old friends. It was in the South that the first two children were born.

In June, 1886, Professor Wilson took his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins, the university accepting as his thesis his book "Congressional Government." During his third year at Bryn Mawr, Professor Wilson accepted a lectureship at Johns Hopkins; this took him to Baltimore once a week for twenty-five weeks.

Connection between the school where Mr. Wilson had last been a student and the one in which he was first a teacher was, as has been said, close. Francis E. King and John Carey Thomas, of the Board of Trustees of Johns Hopkins, had been instrumental in drawing up the courses of study on the "group system," in which much pride was justly felt at the new college. Its dean was Doctor Thomas's daughter, Miss M. Carey Thomas, who continues to-day, since President Rhodes's death, under the title of president, to administer the institution. Among the Hopkins men in the faculty were E. B. Wilson, a celebrated biologist,

now at Columbia University; Prof. F. S. Lee, now also of the Columbia faculty; Prof. Paul Shorey, now of Chicago University, who represented the literary side of classical study, and E. W. Hopkins, now of Yale, a man of contrasting spirit and interest, who taught the classics as a philologist.

Social life at Bryn Mawr was most agreeable. An invitation to an older and larger institution was nevertheless not to be declined; ampler opportunity opened in a school attended by young men, and in 1888 Professor Wilson accepted an election to the chair of history and political economy at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Wesleyan University was an established institution with its course of study, its faculty, and its traditions long settled. In the faculty Mr. Wilson found a number of men of marked ability — chief among them, perhaps, Prof. Caleb Winchester, head of the department of English. The faculty contained strong men also in Dr. W. O. Atwater, the chemist, and Prof. W. North Rice.

The university is most fortunately and beautifully situated, stretching along a ridge above the Connecticut Valley and overlooking pleasing prospects. Middletown is a place of elms and old colonial mansions. The Wilson residence was just across from the college grounds, looking out over the valley. Though formally under Methodist control, the university is really non-sectarian and liberal in the best sense. It was then co-educational, but only five or six young women were at that time in each class. The student-body was made up, as it still is, of likely young fellows from what we might describe as the middle walks of life; Wesleyan was not a rich man's college.

From the start, Professor Wilson's courses were extremely popular. And well indeed they might be; for New England had rarely heard such instruction as was given in the lecture-room of Wesleyan's professor of history and political economy. While at Middletown he continued his lectureship at Johns Hopkins; now, however, instead of going down once a week, he bunched his twenty-five lectures in a month of vacation

allowed him by the Wesleyan trustees. His fame as a popular lecturer also was growing apace, and he was frequently called to give addresses in New England and the Eastern States. It was while at Middletown that he wrote "The State," a volume which, with less pretentions to literary form than his other work, involved an enormous amount of labor.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the Athletic Committee of Wesleyan and took the keenest interest in the college sports. One student of the time remembers how incensed he became at the limited ambition of the Wesleyan boys who, when they played against Yale, were satisfied only to keep the score down. "That's no ambition at all," he used to cry. "Go in and win; you can lick Yale as well as any other team. Go after their scalps. Don't admit for a moment that they can beat you." Is it possible that this gallant encouragement drew any of its warmth from the traditional hatred of Eli and the Tiger?

Life at Middletown was pleasant. But Mr. Wilson's growing reputation would not permit

him to remain there. When in 1890 the chair of jurisprudence and politics in Princeton College became vacant through the death of Prof. Alexander Johnson, the trustees elected to it the Princeton graduate who had so quickly distinguished himself as a student of politics.

September, 1890, then, found Woodrow Wilson again domiciled in the Jersey collegiate town which, fifteen years before, he had first gazed 'round upon with the eyes of a raw student from the South. He was now a man whose renown had begun to spread in the world, an author, a public speaker of enviable repute, the head of a family, a figure of consideration, a Doctor, if you please, both of Philosophy and of Law.

The Wilsons rented a house in Library Place. After a few years they built a home for themselves on an adjoining lot, an attractive half-timbered house designed by Mrs. Wilson.

The new professor stepped at once into the front rank, as indeed became a Princeton graduate, a member of one of the most famous classes the old college had graduated, a man thoroughly

THE MANSE, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, WHERE WOODROW WILSON WAS BORN

THE HOUSE DESIGNED BY WOODROW WILSON AT PRINCETON

imbued with the best traditions of the place. But his lectures — Princeton had no tradition that accounted for their charm. They instantly became popular; the attendance mounted until it surpassed that ever before or since given any course of study at Princeton; before long very nearly four hundred students, almost the total number of juniors and seniors combined, were taking Wilson's courses — and they were no "cinches" either. Widely informed, marked by a mastery of fact even to slight detail, inspiring in their range and sweep, and spiced with a pervading sense of humor, Professor Wilson's lectures were further marked by the great freedom with which he delivered himself of his views on current events. It was his custom to put students on their honor not to report him; there were always likely to be in attendance students who had connections with city newspapers who might frequently have made good "stories" out of the professor's lively comments on the politics of the day, but none ever took advantage of the opportunity.

The classes were now so large that the work

of a professor consisted almost entirely of lecturing. As we shall see later, it was not then the Princeton idea to give the students any particular oversight or inspiration elsewhere than in the classroom; yet the Wilson home became, and always remained, a resort hugely popular with the young men who were so lucky as to be admitted to it — and its doors were hospitably hung. Professor Wilson, in short, stepped into the position of first favorite, alike with his colleagues of the faculty and with the undergrads. They have at Princeton a way of voting at the end of each year for all possible sorts of "popular personages." For a number of years Professor Wilson was voted the most popular professor. He was able, he was genial, he was active; a member of the faculty committee on outdoor sports, and of the faculty committee on discipline. In faculty meetings Mr. Wilson soon became one of those most attentively listened to. Though meetings were generally informal, occasionally there was a debate in which his quite remarkable powers showed at their best.

During the twelve years, 1890 to 1902, Mr. Wilson continued to fulfil at Princeton the duties of professor of jurisprudence and politics. They were twelve years of steady, yet pleasant labor; years of growth and of growing influence, both in the university and in the country. Four new books were added to the list signed by this man who wrote history and politics with so much literary charm: "Division and Reunion," "An Old Master," "Mere Literature," and "George Washington." He was heard now in occasional addresses in many parts of the land — discussing public questions before commercial, industrial, and professional bodies. The vigor of his views on questions of the day, as well as his readiness, grace, and power on the platform, gave him place among the recognized leaders of national thought. He had for a time continued going down to Johns Hopkins, and now he gave occasional lectures at the New York Law School.

At the end of a decade in his chair Mr. Wilson had attained, naturally, and with the good will of all, a position of unchallenged supremacy in

the university town and of marked distinction in the country.

With such brief summary this biography must dismiss a period the external facts of which were of little dramatic value — incommensurate altogether with their importance in the development and strengthening of conviction and character which were to have play in the time which we now approach.

As one looks into those twelve years and (to the eye that regards merely externals their somewhat prosaic events, what chiefly impresses him in the man is the growth in vividness of his social sense, his love of humanity — expressing itself most commonly in terms of patriotism. It is clear too that he is winning some wise insight into the mystery of the unfolding of the minds of young men; acquiring much skill in the craft of the teacher and reaching withal some conclusions respecting principles and methods of education. But beyond and above all other convictions that ripened during these twelve years in the enlivening companionship of students, in the joyful exercise before them of his

gift of speech, and in the lonely stillness of a heart that pondered the history of human institutions and the laws of progress, there grew up in Woodrow Wilson a fervent devotion to *democracy*. You cannot understand the man from this time forth, you cannot follow the battle of the next few years through the intricate alleys through which it raged, unless you are always conscious that you are beholding a scene in which the central figure is that of a prophet inspired by a passionate sense of the majesty of the law of social justice; a warrior burning with abhorrence of secret things, of things that divide and isolate, hot with hatred of the artificial distinction, the unearned privilege, the unequal opportunity; a knight animated by a loving tenderness for the man at the bottom, a tenderness not sentimental, but born in reason — like the reverent regard of the philosopher for the lowly root and the good homely soil from which it pleases God to nourish the flower that nods in acknowledged beauty in the air above.

All this you would discern if you studied the speeches and read the books and listened to his

pupils describe the spirit of the lectures of the Princeton professor. But you will see it all manifest in action when he exchanges his professional for an executive office.

Princeton, like other American colleges, had been going through a period of change. The serious-minded men of an earlier generation, intent on fitting themselves for a learned profession, and therefore eager to study — and to study the old tripod, Greek, Latin, and Mathematics — had been swamped by an influx of fellows of a new sort — fellows who came to college to stay for a few jolly years on the way to business. They had no intention of doing more than the authorities required, and Princeton had fallen into the habit of requiring little, either in the way of study or discipline. President Francis Landey Patton, the brilliant scholar who would have been in his glory at the head of a college of an earlier day, found the new tasks irksome and impossible, and in June, 1902, resigned them.

There seems to have been no discussion as to

the successorship. It appears to have been the most natural thing in the world that it should fall to the Princeton man who had made a great name for himself in the world of books and of scholarship; who had been one of the most active members of the faculty; and who, above all, by his oratorical powers could best represent the college in the great world. Wilson, therefore, was chosen, and the announcement was made on Commencement Day.

CHAPTER VII

PRINCETON'S NEW PRESIDENT

THE presidency of Princeton University is a position of dignity and consideration. The long line of men, reaching back one hundred and sixty years, who had filled it, were, each in his time, among the most distinguished divines and scholars of the land. By a sort of instinct, or chance — such as that which had at the beginning named the college hall *Nassau* rather than *Belcher* — Princeton had gravitated toward the aristocratic. Latterly, the university had come to be known as "the most charming country club in America." Its retiring head had avowed it impossible that it should be other than a college for rich men's sons.

Whatever may have been expected of him, it was impossible for the new president (who by the way was the first layman to occupy the

chair) to fall into the easeful tradition of the office. It was impossible for him merely to institute a few necessary reforms and let things go on much as before. He had scarcely been inaugurated when everybody became aware that, for good or ill, the Judgment Day had dawned over the quiet campus and the ivied halls. There was to be no lack of initiative, no fearfulness and trembling before novel proposals, no shirking of responsibility, no failure of nerve.

There was no undue precipitancy. President Wilson spent a year studying conditions — he already knew them pretty well — from his new vantage-point. He did not, however, feel any necessity of awaiting the lapse of a year before undertaking to bring the scholarship and the discipline of the school up to what it already was on paper. He assigned this work to a committee on examination and standing, at the head of which he appointed Professor, now Dean, Harry Fine. Students who failed to pass their examinations were dropped, rich or poor, with or without social "pull." Work was absolutely demanded.

There was, of course, an immense sensation when the Princeton students found that, from that day forth, they must go to work. Work had not been a Princeton tradition. The reverberations of indignation rolled through the skies for several years, until there came in a new body of students, prepared and willing to live up to the new standards.

During that first year also a committee on revision of the course of study was appointed to report the following year.

If Princeton was to be a place of work, it was to be fruitful work, work worth doing, worth taking four years out of a young man's life to do. It was to be, above all, as President Wilson saw it and continually phrased it, work that would fit a young man to serve his country better — by which I suppose he meant serve it by living as a citizen, an employer, a man of business, that larger and fuller life which true education imparts.

He even went so far as to say that he wanted the university to make its graduates henceforth

as unlike their fathers as possible — by which, of course, he meant that fathers, being settled in their opinions and in reverence for what is established, have a part to play different from that of sons, who particularly must sympathize with the re-creative and re-formative processes of life and society. That saying blanched the cheek of many an elderly Princetonian; it was spoken in an understanding of the necessity of opening college doors to the new facts which modern science has added to the store of human knowledge; spoken, also, in appreciation of the new social conscience that has been born in the world, though it is so slow in coming to the birth in colleges.

First, of course, a university that would serve the nation must take into its course of study — its system of intellectual training — the mass of new knowledge of which the old curriculum was ignorant; the college course of the fathers of the present generation had become an anachronism.

If it had fallen to President Eliot of Harvard to proclaim the new age in which the old educational ideas had ceased to suffice, Princeton,

under the presidency of Wilson, now took up the completing work of positively constructing a system which should contain the new ideas, the new subjects; and not only contain them, but organize them, coördinate them, put them into proper sequence and relation.

We are here in a region of big things in the educational world, yet (so little do most of us concern ourselves with questions of education, which do so profoundly concern the future) it would doubtless be unwise to dwell on them.

President Wilson's committee, after months of labor, the freed and enthusiastic labor of eager men, promulgated a revised — or rather new — system of collegiate study. It was the first positive attempt made to bring the new college education into intelligent and systematic relationships as a body of discipline. All interested in education know of the revolution wrought by the "department system" that has ever since prevailed at Princeton; while it offered the widest scope for the "election" of studies, it practically assured that the studies "elected" should lead to one settled purpose — that is,

it intelligently coördinated a student's work; it turned him out of college not with a smattering of a thousand subjects, but with a pretty thorough training in some one broad group of subjects.

President Wilson is entitled to the credit of presiding over this revision. He did not himself work it out in detail. Possibly he contributed at the outset little more than the "group system" idea already used at Bryn Mawr. But from this germinal idea the plan grew into a great architectural scheme. The educational edifice now erected was a fabric of fine articulation, of nice adjustment. It was a first evidence and result of that principle of Wilson's mind which demands coördination and right relationship — and it was the first step toward the transformation of Princeton into a university for the people.

President Wilson's next step was to commit Princeton to the revolution that has come about with the adoption of the preceptorial system. It was his idea that the university had grown too large longer to train its students merely through

lectures and examinations. There was no provision for the students outside of the classrooms. What they did elsewhere, where they lived, what they talked about, with whom they associated, what books they read, what ideals of life were held up before them — with all these, the university in the days before had had nothing to do. Fifteen hours a week in lecture-rooms represented the only opportunity possessed by the faculty to "educate" the men. All this, said the president, must be changed. These young men must not be turned out into the street to go and come without direction, without proper companionship, without inspiration, during the other one hundred and fifty hours of the week. His idea was to put the students more intimately into association with a body of young instructors who were to afford the undergrads friendly companionship and oversight. Formal recitations were largely abolished. Men studied subjects; they did not merely "take courses." Constant informal, personal contact between students and faculty was the keynote of the new plan.

To this idea also there was little objection, though some of the trustees and perhaps a few of the faculty began to get a little uneasy at so far leaving the old ruts. Long after the preceptorial system had been put in operation it was brought up against President Wilson that he had inaugurated it on his own dictum without having consulted the faculty.

The cost of the preceptorial system was very great, approximately $100,000 a year. It was determined to raise at least a part of this by subscriptions from the *alumni*. Possibly this determination was a practical error; for it gave the *alumni* an influence and voice in the management of the university, especially it gave them a degree of control over the teaching system which has not thus far been particularly happy in its results. The new does not always flourish best under the too close shade of the old. The original idea was that graduate classes should endow, each of them, two or three preceptorships. This was so modified that classes were allowed to contribute annually the salaries of preceptors in lieu of the capital for a foundation.

The preceptorial system was established, and became a distinctive feature of Princeton life. In connection with the new curriculum, it worked — call it a miracle, and you use none too strong a word. It created a new Princeton, a place no longer of set tasks, recitations and examinations unhappily breaking into the pleasant days of good-fellowship and sport; but a place where, to a considerable degree at least, good-fellowship was seen to be compatible with study, and study to be not necessarily a grind. The minds of hundreds of students were emancipated and stimulated; the place pulsated with a new sort of spontaneity and zest.

Princeton University, which, when the last president resigned, was in such a case that, according to a trustee of the day, its career "threatened to end in its virtual extinction" as an important educational influence in America, was attracting the surprised attention of the country. It had a constructive programme. It had a leader, and a harmonious faculty, and it had at least an acquiescent board of trustees.

Alas! that the further steps in that programme,

the further ends to which the leader's clear vision and firm purpose looked, meant — *democracy*. Alas! that the educational revolution could not have proceeded without laying its irreverent hand on what the spirit of old Princeton recognized as the sacred ark of social privilege! Alas! that it showed so much more concern for manhood than for — money!

CHAPTER VIII

DEMOCRACY OR ARISTOCRACY?

DOCTOR WILSON had served five years as president of Princeton University before he reached the point of irrepressible conflict. So long as he confined himself to the strictly educational workings of the school he had been allowed to have his way without much opposition. But now, when his constructive mind reached over to the student's social life and undertook to organize that and bring it into proper relationship with the other elements of university life, he found that he had put his hand upon what the guardians of the aristocratic institution were really interested in and what they were not disposed to see changed. Having revised the system of study, and having refashioned the teaching plan, he had now reached the point where he believed it necessary to reconstruct the extra-

collegiate relations — that is, the ordinary living arrangements of the place — taking them in as a necessary part of the total university plan. He felt the necessity of assuming charge of the housing and boarding of the students, and of doing this in a way most advantageous to the young men.

In brief, his idea was the organization of the university in a number of "colleges" or "quadrangles" — practically dormitories — each of which should harbor a certain number of men from every class, with a few of the younger professors. It was not a new idea with President Wilson; people remembered that he had talked of it at least ten years before he became president. It was precisely in line with the preceptorial plan; indeed, it was the necessary culmination of that plan. President Wilson had no notion of dividing Princeton University into colleges at all like those which constitute Oxford University or Cambridge, for example. The university was still to carry on all instruction and maintain its authority everywhere. The "quads" were to be merely residence halls,

each of which with its dining-room and common-room was to be a little world in itself — such a world as the university by reason of its size could no longer be.

President Wilson secured the appointment of a committee consisting of seven of the trustees to investigate the merits of the "quad" proposal, and at the June, 1907, meeting the committee reported on "the social coördination of the university," endorsing Mr. Wilson's plan. The report of this committee was accepted, and its recommendation adopted, with only one dissenting vote, twenty-five of the twenty-seven trustees being present, at the June meeting.

Now, it is probable that President Wilson did not hit upon his "quad" plan primarily as a means of reforming the social life of Princeton. He reached it rather as a student of education. It was very clear to him that fifteen hours a week out of one hundred and sixty-eight is not enough in which to "educate" a young man. It was further evident to him that the association of new students with older students and professors was exceedingly to be desired; he knew

that a freshman learned far more from the classmen above him and from association with his instructors between lectures than he learned from the lectures themselves; he became convinced of the advisability of cutting across the lines of class isolation; his proposal was to divide the university perpendicularly rather than horizontally.

What was amiss with the "quad" proposal?

This — that it cut into the aristocratic social structure which the dominating element in Princeton had erected for itself.

If, visiting Princeton, you will proceed to the top of a street known as Prospect Avenue, and pass down it, you will see something which probably is not paralleled at any seat of learning in the world. Prospect Avenue is lined with club-houses, twelve of them, with handsome buildings, beautiful lawns, and tennis courts, and, in the case of the more favored clubs on the south side of the street, a delightful view across the valley to the eastward. Some of the club-houses are sumptuous, comparing very favorably with

the best city clubs. Their aggregate value must be much more than $1,000,000. The clubs house, on an average, thirty members each — fifteen juniors and fifteen seniors, about 350 in all, juniors and seniors alone being eligible. Three hundred other members of those classes can get into no club. Freshmen and sophomores can only look forward to admission to them.

Princeton has long forbidden the formation of fraternity chapters; students are required on matriculation to take oath that they will join no fraternities. The clubs are the comparatively recent outgrowth of eating associations. The university has never provided any eating-places for the students. Some thirty years ago the members of an eating-club which called itself the "Ivy" conceived the idea of perpetuating itself. From this idea has grown up this dominating feature of Princeton life, estranged from the university and yet having more to do with the real forming of its students than any other feature of the college life.

No one can reflect for a moment upon this club system without understanding its essen-

tially vicious character. Perhaps only those who have lived at Princeton thoroughly understand how extremely vicious the system is. At the outset it ought to be made clear that no reflection of any sort or kind is or can be cast upon the morality of the clubs. They are well managed; they are delightful homes; they assemble groups of undoubtedly fine and gentlemanly men. No drinking is allowed, and in no particular has there ever been the slightest scandal about their conduct.

The trouble is that they necessarily constitute an aristocracy, in the midst of a community which should, above all things, be absolutely democratic. It may be all very well for the three hundred youths who enjoy the delights of the "Ivy," the "Cap and Gown," the "Colonial," "Tiger Inn," and the rest (though such luxury is of questionable value to a boy who has yet to make his way in the world), but what of the three hundred young men who have not been able to "make" one of them? They feel themselves ostracized and humiliated, and the seeds of social bitterness are sown in their souls.

There is no provision for them outside of common boarding-houses. Not a few leave the university.

Worse yet, rivalry for admission to the clubs is so great that it injures the work of the freshmen and sophomores. The first term of the sophomore year, especially, is considered to be entirely wrecked by the absorption of the students in candidating for the club elections held that spring. True, from time to time the clubs enter into treaties pledging themselves to abstain from soliciting desirable sophomores — and the result of that, when the treaties are lived up to, is to make impossible any friendship, no matter how natural or desirable, between a sophomore and an upper classman; and when they are not lived up to, to supplant free natural intimacies with secret politics. So highly is membership in a swagger club regarded, that parents of prospective students have been known to begin visits to Princeton a year or two before their son entered college, with the purpose of organizing a social campaign to land him in the club to which he aspired.

It may easily be seen how the existence of these select coteries minister to snobbery; how they foster toadying; how they introduce a worldly, material, and unnatural element into what is naturally one of the finest things in the world — a democracy of boys; how they set up at the outset of a student's career a mistaken ideal, an unworthy aim; and how they divide students along unnatural lines. Over and over again, Princeton sees a group of congenial fellows of the incoming freshman class gravitate toward each other in the first few weeks of the term, and then, in obedience to some sudden, mysterious influence from Prospect Avenue, dissolve. The members of this group soon, perhaps, find themselves in friendly associations in some other direction, but again these associations also are broken up. The spirit of the place does not allow men to form friendly and natural associations in accordance with their tastes and dispositions; they must always strive to become friends of those particular classmates who have the best chance of "making" the best clubs, and as "the hunch" passes "down the

line" from Prospect Avenue, the prospects of one and another student wax and wane, and the character of the coteries in which he finds himself goes up and down. The social life of the two lower classes presents such a picture as would a layer of iron filings over which a magnet is passed, forming groups now here, now there, and keeping all in constant confusion. So Princeton's clubs continually agitate the undergraduate life, prevent the forming of natural friendships, beget snobbery, set up an aristocracy, condemn half the student body to an inferior social position, and make the chief prize of the student's career, not the attainment of an education, but membership in a favored group. In the words of President Wilson, the side-show had swallowed up the circus. Nothing could be more un-American; nothing could be more opposed to the true principles of education.

We approach now one of the most dramatic, as it is one of the most involved, chapters in the life of any American institution of learning — indeed a chapter, if it could be rightly told, not

often excelled in interest in any story of American life. To appreciate the emotions which were stirred, the passions which were aroused, the bitterness engendered, the life-long estrangements created, by what outsiders may easily regard as a slight academical question, it is necessary to consider that a university town constitutes a peculiarly isolated microcosm in itself. Its own affairs loom very large to the members of a university, and, indeed, very large in their expansive influence they are. In such a place as Princeton are gathered men of ability and force of character much above the average; men likely to be of strong convictions, which they are well able to express. Ambitions have their play, too, in the college world; jealousies are easily aroused, as well as extraordinarily devoted friendships cemented.

In Princeton, too, there had grown up a certain duality of thought and ruling ideal. The town had become the chosen residence of a number of families of wealth, some of them of very great wealth. Having been for a number of years a school very easy-going as to scholar-

ship and discipline, it had become a favored resort of rich men's sons. Over against the wealthy residents (none of whom, it should be said, were vulgar of display; most of whom, on the other hand, were cultured Christian people of high instincts, the unconscious habits of whose minds only it was that separated them instinctively from sympathy with the less wealthy); over against the students with automobiles who ran over to Philadelphia or New York at week-ends or entertained small parties at the Inn — there was a body of somewhat slenderly paid professors and of students who had been enabled to take a college course only through the sacrifices of their parents. The Princeton world was a fair epitome of modern America; there was little vice in it; there was little conscious estranging pride; there was no acknowledged dislike of the rich on the part of the less fortunate; but there was the growing prominence of wealth and an increasing exhibition of its necessary power, and the gradual assertion of that power in forgetfulness of the needs of the poor. In short, there was at Prince-

ton all the elements that go to make up the drama of life, and these so assembled in a small community that their action and reaction could be easily watched. A novelist might have found at Princeton in the years 1907-11 material for the American novel.

A circular setting forth in outline President Wilson's "quad" proposal was sent to the various clubs and was generally read there on the Friday night before Commencement, 1907. Princeton alumni, particularly those from the Eastern cities, come back in large numbers to their alma mater and usually "put up" at the club-houses, where the Friday night preceding Commencement is given over to a jolly dinner. The "quad" proposal, it was instantly seen, contemplated the doing away of the clubs; it was even said that Wilson proposed to confiscate them. The wrath of the alumni jollifying that night in Prospect Avenue was instantly aroused, and the shout of battle was raised. No decent consideration was ever given the new idea. The grieved graduates went home to spread stories of the attack on Princeton's favorite

institutions and rally the old boys to their defence. Old Princetonians wrote distressed letters to the *Alumni Weekly* expressing their grief and astonishment that a Princeton president should so far forget himself as to try to "make a gentleman chum with a mucker"; they wanted to know what the world was coming to when a man was to be "compelled to submit to dictation as to his table companions"; in the holy name of liberty and the good old Princeton spirit they swore to preserve for the student "the right to decide for himself whom he will associate with."

The trustees, who had voted the plan through with but a single dissenting voice, now frightened by the alumni howl, were persuaded to reconsider. On October 17th the Board requested President Wilson to withdraw the proposal.

The inalienable right of the American college youth to choose his own hat-band (and compel other youths to wear untrimmed head-gear) was thus triumphantly vindicated. But the saviors of the club system were not generous in victory. They continued to hurl insults upon

President Wilson. It was now discovered that he was a domineering, brutal, bigoted, inconsiderate, and untruthful demagogue. The preceptorial system, which had been in operation for two years, with everybody's approval, was now also attacked. President Wilson was charged with having inaugurated it over the heads of the faculty; various classes among the alumni withdrew their subscriptions for the support of preceptors. It took only a few months of this sort of thing for the Board of Trustees, the faculty, and the alumni to find themselves divided beyond compromise. Life-long friendships were broken. Life-long associates parted in bitterness. Charges and countercharges were exchanged. The chasm deepened, and passions so violent that it would not have been deemed possible for a collegiate to possess them, were aroused.

It is a little difficult to see why the question should have provoked the astonishingly bitter fight which now broke out at Princeton. To find the real cause of it all one must go deeper than the issue presented on the surface, much

deeper than the mere personality of the president. As to the latter, it is quite possible that Doctor Wilson's positive character, the certainty of his convictions and his aggressiveness in expressing them, may have been distasteful to men long accustomed to other methods. It is even possible that the president was not as gentle in his manner, perhaps not always as tactful, as he might have been, as he has since become. Undoubtedly a man of exceeding charm of personality, he had his grim side — no man descended from a line of Scottish Presbyterians has not — and, once aroused in a fight, he was a ruthless opponent. It seems to be the case that the president's reform programme grew primarily out of his convictions as a teacher of young men. He did not, for instance, deliberately set about to attack the Princeton clubs; he only found that they were in the way of a better educational plan, the adoption of which he deemed necessary. But when the host gathered for the defence of an aristocratic institution because it was aristocratic, when they denounced him as a confiscator, a leveler, and a Socialist, the innate

democracy of the man flamed up, and the fight ceased to be a debate over educational ideals, having become an irreconcilable conflict between democracy and privileged wealth.

President Wilson continued to expound his ideas on the subject of the social organization of the university when invited to do so at gatherings of the alumni in various cities, but he made no aggressive campaign. The preceptorial system, in spite of the growing prejudice against it, continued in vogue, the necessary funds being voted by the trustees.

Before we turn from the events of '07, it may be worth while to note that, though his plan was for the present defeated, Mr. Wilson was still meditating on the necessity of making Princeton democratic. In October, a graduate, Mr. E. B. Seymour, called on President Wilson and had an interesting talk. Though he disagreed with the president's conclusions, Mr. Seymour thus reports Mr. Wilson s views:

> He felt that in this country at the present time there was too strong a tendency to glorify money merely. That with the increasing wealth of the country this tendency

would be accentuated. In short, he feared that we would rapidly drift into a plutocracy. To meet this condition he felt that the corrective of an education along purely democratic lines should be given to our boys in our institutions of higher learning. At Princeton, whither come many sons of millionaires, he felt we should so impress these boys with ideas of democracy and personal worth that when they became, in the ordinary course of nature, masters of their father's fortunes, they should so use their undoubted power as to help, not hurt, the commonwealth.

CHAPTER IX

THE GRADUATE COLLEGE CONTEST

THE story now becomes complicated through the injection of another issue, that, namely, of the graduate college. Some time before the election of Professor Wilson to the presidency, Prof. Andrew F. West, a brilliant and persuasive member of the faculty, with ambitions, had been given the title of Dean of the Graduate School, together with an appropriation of $2,500 to be used in studying graduate systems of instruction in various universities. Dean West went to Europe for a year, returned, and published a sumptuous little volume containing an elaborate and highly illustrated scheme for a graduate college. It was never seen by the faculty, although President Wilson, in off-hand good-will for the general idea of graduate development, contributed a preface; the book was sent by Dean West to likely

contributors among the alumni. In 1906 Doctor West was invited to the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A meeting of a trustees' committee adopted a resolution expressing the hope that he remain, as the Board had counted upon him to put into operation the graduate school. Dean West declined the call to Boston.

In December of that year, Mrs. J. A. Thompson Swann, dying, left $250,000 for the beginning of a graduate college; among the conditions of the gift was the provision that the new college should be located upon grounds of the university. The trustees decided to build it on the site of the president's house, "Prospect," and the university's consulting architect, Mr. Cram, was instructed to draw the plans.

In the spring of 1909, through the influence of Dean West, Mr. William C. Proctor of Cincinnati offered $500,000 for the graduate college on condition that another half million dollars be raised. Mr. Proctor's letter seemed to imply that the money must be used in carrying out the scheme formulated by Dean West; it

also condemned the site chosen for the graduate college by the trustees. In his second letter, addressed to President Wilson, Mr. Proctor named two locations which alone would be acceptable to him.

So long as Dean West's scheme for a graduate school was a paper plan only, it had received no special examination. But when these two bequests made its realization possible, the plan was given scrutiny. It was apparent to many of the trustees and faculty that Dean West's elaborate plan was not one to which they were prepared to commit themselves definitely. A special committee of five, appointed by the president of the Board of Trustees, reported (February 10, 1910) against the unconditional acceptance of Mr. Proctor's gift. They felt that graduate work at Princeton was still in its formative period; conditions surrounding it were as yet experimental, and it would be a mistake to let the organization, development, and conduct of a graduate college pass in any measure outside the control of the university faculty and Board. The sites which Mr. Proctor insisted upon were

remote from the university centre, and the committee felt that this was a vital mistake. It was an extremely delicate matter to look the gift-horse in the mouth, but so plain was their duty that they, therefore, called Mr. Proctor's attention to the fact that Dean West's plan was merely a tentative one which had never been adopted in its entirety and that the matter of the location of the graduate college seemed to them to be so important that it could not be decided off-hand by a donor, however generous; in short, they desired to know whether the prospective gift was to place in the hands of the authorized guardians of the university a sum of money to be used according to their best ideas of the needs of the university, or to be spent precisely as the donor desired.

Mr. Proctor's answer was a withdrawal of his offer.

The withdrawal naturally caused a sensation and brought down upon the head of President Wilson all the vials of wrath that had not been already emptied upon him. It was inconceivable to some in the Board of Trustees, to a large

number of the alumni, and to a portion of the faculty, that a gift of half a million dollars (carrying with it indeed the prospect of another half million — for this had already been nearly subscribed) could be rejected, on any consideration whatsoever. Any one who knows how eagerly funds are sought by the trustees of philanthropic and educational institutions can perhaps understand the amazement with which many of the graduates of a college heard that its president had actually turned down the prospect of getting a million dollars. But in view of the perfectly clear position taken by President Wilson, backed at that time by the majority of the trustees, the passionate outcry against them shown by some Princetonians of general repute for intelligence and conscience, does seem inexplicable. It was a perfectly clear case. President Wilson and the trustees were no doubt infinitely obliged to Mr. Proctor; they were eager to accept his gift, but they simply could not abrogate the duties of their office — they simply could not surrender to any donor the right to determine the university's policy in so grave a

matter as that of its graduate school. It was they who were charged with the duty of administering the university — not Mr. Proctor. It would have been fatal for them to admit the principle that a rich man who was willing to give away money should, therefore, be given the right to dictate the educational policy of the institution of which others were the elected officers. They were not there to allow a private plan to be imposed upon the university, determining its future.

Furthermore, the particular plan which unconditional acceptance of Mr. Proctor's gift would have forced on Princeton was one utterly opposed to the principles in devotion to which the university under its president's guidance was now so happily advancing.

To President Wilson its details were altogether obnoxious. Since the subject of graduate study had been taken up, the dean and the president had moved in opposite directions: one toward segregation and exclusiveness; the other toward an organic whole, coöperative, shot through with a common motive and spirit, and stimu-

lated by a common life of give and take. Doctor West now proposed the erection, in a distant part of town, of a sumptuous building where a selected group of young gentlemen of peculiar refinement were to live in cloistered seclusion the life of culture. President Wilson had his own plan for a graduate school — a plan that sprang naturally out of the new system of studies and the preceptorial organization — but it was a plan that contemplated a corps of highly competent graduate instructors, proper laboratories, an adequate library, and the practical essentials of study — rather than the embroidery of fine buildings and seclusion. "A university does not consist of buildings or of apparatus," he said. "A university consists of students and teachers." He looked on Dean West's plan as frivolous and unworthy of an American university conscious of its duty to the nation. He argued that graduate students being generally mature men minded to pursue practical professional studies, an elaborate and peculiar and ornamented scheme like Dean West's would repel rather than attract them.

The fact of the matter is, he didn't want a hundred nice young gentlemen to come to Princeton and live apart pursuing the higher culture. The notion violated the ideal of democracy, deliberately set about to create a scholarly aristocracy, introduced a further element of disintegration — when what Princeton needed was integration. His own thought was aflame with the picture of a great democratic society of students in which under-graduates and post-graduates should meet and mingle, the contagion of education flying like sparks struck out by the clash of mind on mind, beginners discovering that scholars were vital men with red blood in their veins exploring the magical regions of still-undiscovered truth, while specialists were constantly reminded of the common underlying body of truth and so prevented from growing isolated, unsympathetic, and idiosyncranized.

This was of the essence of the whole programme which President Wilson had been permitted to initiate and to bring so far toward success. And now the university was asked to

abandon it for a million dollars! Mr. Wilson exclaimed:

> The whole Princeton idea is an organic idea, an idea of contact of mind with mind — no chasms, no divisions in life and organization — a grand brotherhood of intellectual endeavor, stimulating the younger, instructing and balancing the older man, giving the one an aspiration and the other a comprehension of what the whole undertaking is — of lifting, lifting, lifting the mind of successive generations from age to age!
>
> That is the enterprise of knowledge, an enterprise that is the common undertaking of all men who pray for the greater enlightenment of the ages to come. If you do anything to mar this process, this organic integration of the university, what have you done? You have destroyed the Princeton idea which for the time being has arrested the attention of the academic world. Is that good business? When we have leadership in our grasp, is it good business to retire from it? When the country is looking to us as men who prefer ideas even to money, are we going to withdraw and say, "After all, we find we were mistaken: we prefer money to ideas?"

This may be as good a point as any at which to make it clear that the anti-Wilson sentiment was far from general among the alumni; it was

practically confined to the cities of the East. In the Board of Trustees, fourteen out of the thirty took their stand against him; the deciding few wavered. The fine body of faculty members engaged in graduate work were practically unanimous in their support of the president's sound, scholarly, and practical plans, and entirely unsympathetic with the ornate dreams of the dean. As for the students, never for a moment did he have reason to doubt their essential soundness; they were caught in the toils of a vicious system, but they furnished the best of material for the development of a true American university along democratic lines. Throughout the graduate school controversy they were ardent Wilson men, though, of course, powerless to influence the result.

With the Proctor offer withdrawn, the original plan was reverted to for a modest graduate school beginning, financed with the Swann bequest. And it was in such wise as this that the president spoke justifying his position:

> It is a matter of universal regret that anything should have occurred which seemed to show, on the part of

the university authorities, a lack of appreciation of Mr. Proctor's generosity and love of the university. It is to be hoped that the mere progress of our plans will show that no purpose was entertained by any one which need have led to any misunderstanding. Our gratitude to Mr. Proctor on behalf of the university is not in any way diminished or clouded by his decision to withdraw the offer he so liberally made.

The thought which constantly impresses and leads us at Princeton, and which I am sure prevails among the great body of her alumni, is that we are one and all of us trustees to carry out a great idea and strengthen a great tradition of national service. We are not at liberty to use Princeton for our private purposes or to adapt her in any way to our own use and pleasure. It is our bounden duty to make her more and more responsive to the intellectual and moral needs of a great nation. It is our duty at every point in our development to look from the present to the future, to see to it that Princeton adapts herself to a great national development, that her first thought shall be to serve the men who come to her in the true spirit of the age and in the true spirit of knowledge. We should be forever condemned in the public judgment and in our own conscience if we used Princeton for any private purpose whatever. It will be our pleasure, as it is our duty, to confirm the tradition which has made us proud of her in the past and put her at the service of those influential

generations of scholars and men of affairs who are to play their part in making the future of America.

But the opposition was not to be met on any such ground of quiet argument and high appeal. Mr. Wilson never permitted himself to approach or suggest personalities (however besought by graduates in distant cities to "tell them all the truth"); the opposition betook itself to sheer slander and abuse. Much may be forgiven earnest men, but it is simply inexplicable that college trustees, professors, and alumni could have indulged in the vituperative bitterness that found its way into privately circulated pamphlets and round-robins and into public print.

The fact is that the discussion of the "quad" system and of the rights of a donor to dictate how his money should be used had revealed the existence of a bottomless chasm in the ways of thinking, in the attitude of spirit that characterized two sets of Princeton men. It was the chasm that divides democracy and aristocracy, respect for the rights of manhood and submission to the rights of property. It was an in-

eradicable instinct in President Wilson and the men who supported him that the life of students must be made democratic; the opposition felt no indignation at the existence in college of those social distinctions which they believed must always prevail out in the world. President Wilson and his supporters could not brook the idea that a man of wealth should undertake to dictate the policy of a school professedly conducted by men who were giving their lives to the problems of education.

"I cannot accede," he wrote, "to the acceptance of gifts upon terms which take the educational policy of the university out of the hands of the trustees and faculty and permit it to be determined by those who give money."

Those who were enthusiastic for a university in which social lines should be obliterated and a group of coördinate democracies set up were divided from those who were content to maintain and even accentuate distinctions by a cleavage as deep as any that exists in the world to-day. No wonder that the partisans of the opposition, in the Board and out, looked on

Wilson as a dangerous man; no wonder that he, slowly aroused by their villification, began occasionally to unslip the leash of his tongue, denounce colleges and churches for yielding to "the accursed domination of money," and make impassioned appeals for a declaration of college independence. When the going is rapid, Wilson isn't the man to bother about a shock-absorber.

At Pittsburg, addressing alumni, he poured out all his soul:

You can't spend four years at one of our modern universities without getting in your thought the conviction which is most dangerous to America — namely, that you must treat with certain influences which now dominate in the commercial undertakings of the country.

The great voice of America does not come from seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods and the farms and factories and the mills, rolling on and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men. Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of universities? I have not heard them.

The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal sympathies, and join a class — and no class ever can serve America.

I have dedicated every power that there is within me

to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied — and I hope you will not be — until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought, the same sympathy, that pulses through the whole great body politic.

I know that the colleges of this country must be reconstructed from top to bottom, and I know that America is going to demand it. While Princeton men pause and think, I hope — and the hope arises out of the great love I share with you all for our inimitable alma mater — I hope that they will think on these things, that they will forget tradition in the determination to see to it that the free air of America shall permeate every cranny of their college.

Will America tolerate the seclusion of graduate students? Will America tolerate the idea of having graduate students set apart? America will tolerate nothing except unpatronized endeavor. Seclude a man, separate him from the rough and tumble of college life, from all the contacts of every sort and condition of men, and you have done a thing which America will brand with its contemptuous disapproval.

To an utterance like that there could be no reply; in an issue thus clearly defined before the whole world (for the Pittsburg speech got into

the papers and all America applauded) no living board of college trustees would have dared separate itself from the bold speaker.

No reply? No living men to take issue? Behold how the President of the Immortals jests with us:

In the town of Salem, Mass., lived an old man named Isaac C. Wyman — so old that his father had fought at the battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. They were rich even then, the Wymans, for the father's father had given General Washington £40,000 for his army, as a yellow slip of paper signed by the Revolutionary commander still attests. Isaac had been graduated at the College of New Jersey one June day in 1848. During the sixty-two years since that day he had never returned to Princeton. But now, the time having come to die, and he, being of sound and disposing mind, made his will, and paid the debt of nature.

President Wilson's Pittsburg speech was made on April 17 (this was in 1910). A month and a day later, May 18, by the decease of Isaac C. Wyman, the Graduate College of Princeton

University became the legatee of an estate estimated at more than three millions of dollars bequeathed in the trusteeship of John M. Raymond of Salem and Andrew F. West of Princeton.

There is no quarreling with the dead.

At the June trustee meeting the Proctor offer was renewed and accepted. The president made a polite announcement of his acquiescence in the situation created by the miraculous windfall; the gigantic new fund altered everything. The university architect was put to work on a scheme of magnificent proportions.

Commencement was a season of careful observance of all outward amenities. The president made the speech presenting M. Taylor Pyne, Esq., the leader of the opposition among the trustees, with a gold cup, celebrating the attainment of his twenty-fifth year as a trustee. He attended a dinner given by Dean West in honor of Mr. Proctor. All that a man forced to confess himself defeated by events could gracefully do, he did. What it cost his soul no man

could guess. A moral defeat he had not suffered. The principle for which he had stood had not been disproved, discredited, or annulled; the gods had overwhelmed it, that was all.

Of course, he was laughed at, sneered at even by certain alumni, called on to resign. If they had dared, the triumphant party would have dismissed him; they did not dare: Woodrow Wilson was too strong before the country. There was this fly in the ointment of their rejoicing: an alumni trustee was being elected this year as usual, and it was the turn of the West to name him. But Eastern anti-Wilsonists had put up a candidate and made a frenzied campaign for him. At Commencement the result was made known: the anti-Wilson man, Mr. Joline, had been overwhelmingly beaten. But the president himself felt that his work at Princeton was done. He had come to that alternative of the Happy Warrior; of one

> Who if he rise to station of command
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honorable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire.

He was to retire — but not to obscurity, even temporary. The country had not missed altogether what was going on at Princeton. The state had been watching him. And now there came rolling up from the people, the people outside of the colleges, the citizens for whom colleges exist, a great shout that this man was the sort of man that ought to be leading the fight for their cause out in the world of real affairs. Politicians heard that call, and shrewdly joined it. September 15th, a New Jersey State Convention — that of the Democratic party — in session at Trenton, nominated Woodrow Wilson for the Governorship. He was at Princeton when they brought him the news; he climbed into a motor-car, and in twenty minutes stood on the platform before a shouting throng and accepted their invitation.

A week later Princeton University opened for a new term, with the resignation of its president in the hands of the trustees — who, in due time voted him all manner of complimentary resolutions, made him still another kind of Doctor, inexpressibly regretted his

resignation — and accepted it, on the part of a small majority with thanks unspoken, but infinite in their sincerity. November 8th the people of New Jersey, by a great majority, made him Governor.

They are fashioning at Princeton a splendid fabric of stone, which will dominate the landscape for many miles. Three great fortunes go into it, refined culture planned it, and rare architectural skill is uprearing it. Nothing outside of Oxford will excel it in dimensions, nothing anywhere match it in sumptuous luxury. No doubt it will be the beautiful home of successive generations of young gentlemen who will be a credit to our intellectual life. The clubs on Prospect Avenue still house lucky youths in delightful existence unthreatened now by an impracticable idealist.

But somehow a spirit is departed that for a while moved like a refreshing breeze on campus and in hall. Because, for a while, Princeton promised to be something more than a college for rich men's sons.

In days to come, when the ivy is over the Graduate College and the clubs as it is now over Nassau, the most interesting tale that men will tell at Princeton will be the story of a battle — that was lost; and of a leader who was refused and sent away — only to become a captain in the broad field of an historic national struggle.

CHAPTER X

OUT OF PRINCETON INTO POLITICS

THE state of New Jersey at the beginning of the year 1910 was in the case of many another commonwealth in this Union of States. It was in the grip of the politicians and the corporations, and the good people resident within its borders had about as much voice in the management of their public affairs as they had in deciding the weather or determining the phases of the moon. For years the state government had been run by agents of "the interests" — for a time the Pennsylvania Railroad predominating, more recently a combination of electric light and power companies, gas companies, and trolley lines, controlled by the Prudential Insurance Company and the malodorous United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia.

Laterly it was the Republican Organization

that had been in power at Trenton, but the system was really a bi-partisan one. The Republican bosses — Senator John Dryden, Senator John Kean, ex-Governor Franklin Murphy, ex-Governor Edward C. Stokes, and David P. Baird — had come to be known as the "Board of Guardians," in which the public service, railroad, insurance, and other corporation interests were duly represented. The Democratic Organization was the private property of James Smith, Jr., a politician who had made his way into the United States Senate in consequence of having delivered the vote of the Jersey delegation to Mr. Cleveland at the Democratic National Convention of 1892, and who had retired from that body under criticisms connected with certain scandals incidental to the framing of the Wilson tariff. Ex-Senator Smith is a polished man of affairs whose business interests are identical with those of his friends on the Republican "Board of Guardians." His chief lieutenant was James R. Nugent, a typical representative of the old-style, strong-arm methods in politics. "Bob" Davis, the thrifty boss of

Hudson County, sometimes rebelled against his feudal lord and sometimes played in with him, but between Smith and Davis, the organization through a dozen lean years had existed to garner the spoils of municipal jobs and contracts in Newark, Jersey City, and Hoboken; to fill a few minority memberships on state commissions of one sort and another; and to furnish the Republican machine with needed help in time of danger.

However, the great moral movement which during the last five years has been abroad in the land, had not left New Jersey unaware of its gathering power. The leaders of both parties were forced to heed it. In the Republican party Everett Colby, George L. Record, and others stirred up a dangerous enthusiasm among "new idea Republicans." Somehow, somewhere, by some one, there was suggested to Mr. Smith's organization a plan of getting aboard the reform wagon and riding on it into power. The fight against privilege and the championship of democracy in college life captained by the president of Princeton University had attracted

Woodrow Wilson, Age 23

The picture was taken in 1879 when he was a Senior in Princeton University

the attention of the state and now suggested him as a man who could lead a party to victory under the banner of political reform. President Wilson was a student of public affairs of authority throughout the country; he was an accomplished and persuasive speaker; a man of lofty character and winning personality. Indeed, from outside the state, from the press of many cities, had come the suggestion that the nation would be fortunate if it could place such a man as Wilson in the Presidential chair.

It is easy enough to see how the idea of running Wilson for Governor needed only present itself to the imagination of a shrewd boss to become immediately congenial. Mr. Smith had a son at Princeton and had on one or two occasions exchanged greetings with the head of the college, but there was no real acquaintance between the two men, and the Democratic leader no doubt naturally imagined that a learned collegian would be as putty in the hands of an experienced politician — especially if his eyes were rose-spectacled by the promise of a nomination for President. The man was a hero for pro-

gressive, independent citizens everywhere and especially within the state where he was best known; a spontaneous popular feeling that he would make an ideal Governor had arisen; what could be better politics than to become sponsor of his nomination and use his popularity for a ride back to power?

During the early summer of 1910 President Wilson was told by a number of his friends that he could probably have the Democratic nomination for Governor if he desired it. These intimations became so numerous and so pointed and were accompanied by so many assurances of the benefit the party and the state would derive from his acceptance that Mr. Wilson was constrained to lend them a favorable ear. His work at Princeton was apparently arrested — that he realized.

And yet the prospective nominee was profoundly puzzled. While sentiment among the best class of voters throughout the state was strong, the practical overtures came from the organization headed by Smith. Mr. Wilson was perfectly aware of ex-Senator Smith's

political character and history; he knew what the organization was. How could such a gang support him? What *quid* did they expect for their *quo?* Were they deceiving themselves as to their man? Did they fancy that his life-long detestation of corrupt politics was simply pose? Or were they merely willing to take him because they knew he was the only sure chance of party victory? Willing to have an incorruptible Governor if it were impossible otherwise to get a Democratic Governor? Did Smith regard the schoolmaster as a simple soul who would hand out corporation favors without knowing? Did he expect to get a United States Senatorship through the Democratic legislature which Wilson's popularity was likely to elect?

On that point Mr. Wilson made specific inquiry of the gentlemen who came to him on their puzzling errand. He required their assurance that Mr. Smith would not seek the Senatorship. "Were he to do so, while I was Governor," he told them, "I should have to oppose him. He represents everything repugnant to my convictions." They told him categorically that

Smith had no idea of going back to the Senate; that he was a man thought to be sick with a dangerous constitutional ailment and borne down by domestic bereavement and that he was definitely out of politics. Furthermore, they called his attention to the fact that the election laws of New Jersey called for a primary, in which the respective parties by popular vote selected their candidates for Senator. James Smith, Jr., would not enter that primary race. Nothing could be more convincing on that score.

Talking afterward of his perplexity at this time, Governor Wilson said:

"I was asked to allow myself to be nominated, and for a long time it was impossible for me to understand why I had been asked. The gentlemen who wanted to nominate me were going outside the ranks of recognized politicians and picking out a man whom they knew would be regarded as an absolutely independent person and whom I thought they knew was an absolutely independent person. I tried to form a working theory as to why they should do it. I asked very direct and impertinent questions of

some of the gentlemen as to why they wanted me to make the run. They didn't give me any very satisfactory explanation, so I had to work one out for myself. I concluded on the whole that these gentlemen had been driven to recognize that a new day had come in American politics, and that they would have to conduct themselves henceforth after a new fashion. Moreover, there were certain obvious practical advantages to be gained by the old-time managers. Whether they could control the Governor or not, a Democratic victory would restore their local prestige and give them control of a score of things in which the Governor could not command them, even if he wished. It was one thing to put a Governor in and a legislature; it was another to control their counties and municipalities."

The sequel will show how accurate was this theory.

On Tuesday, July 12, 1910, a number of gentlemen gathered in a private room of the Laywers' Club, 120 Broadway, New York, to inquire of Mr. Wilson whether he would allow

his name to be presented to the New Jersey Democratic State Convention. At that meeting were present Robert S. Hudspeth, national committeeman for New Jersey; James R. Nugent, state chairman; Eugene F. Kinkead, Congressman; Richard V. Lindabury, George Harvey, and Milan Ross. But one practical inquiry was made of Mr. Wilson; it was voiced by Mr. Hudspeth, and was in substance this:

"Doctor Wilson, there have been some political reformers who, after they have been elected to office as candidates of one party or the other, have shut the doors in the face of the Organization leaders, refusing even to listen to them. Is it your idea that a Governor must refuse to acknowledge his party organization?"

"Not at all," Mr. Wilson replied. "I have always been a believer in party organizations. If I were elected Governor I should be very glad to consult with the leaders of the Democratic Organization. I should refuse to listen to no man, but I should be especially glad to hear and duly consider the suggestions of the leaders of my party. If, on my own idependent investi-

gation, I found that recommendations for appointment made to me by the Organization leaders named the best possible men, I should naturally prefer, other things being equal, to appoint them, as the men pointed out by the combined counsels of the party."

On July 15th, Mr. Wilson issued a public statement in which he said that if it were the wish "of a decided majority of the thoughtful Democrats of the state" that he should be their candidate for Governor, he would accept the nomination.

The announcement caused a sensation. It was received with enthusiasm by many men of both parties, yet there were not lacking those who were so suspicious of Smith and his associate bosses that they could not believe the nomination was to be given Mr. Wilson without pledges from him. Again, some of the best and most intelligent men of the Democratic party, while they did not doubt the integrity of the proposed nominee, did fear that his inexperience in practical politics would make him an easy instrument of the gang. Mr. Wilson had been

assured that only his consent was necessary for his unchallenged nomination, but in fact opposition to it at once arose and continued until the convention balloted. Three other Democrats — Frank S. Katzenbach, George S. Silzer, and H. Otto Wittpen — immediately entered the ring. Wittpen was the successful Mayor of Jersey City and the sworn foe of "Bob" Davis; Davis, though lately he had quarreled with Smith, was now reconciled, and threw his Jersey City organization for Wilson's candidacy.

After issuing his statement, Mr. Wilson went to the little town of Lyme, Conn., where he has been in the habit of spending his summers, and — spent his summer. He moved not one of his ten fingers in behalf of the nomination. Certain other people, however, were moving every thing movable to that end. The fact that the Smith crowd was advocating him puzzled many who otherwise would have been his foremost supporters. It was only (as Mr. Wilson afterward learned to his amazement) by sharp dragooning that a majority sufficient to make him the choice

was seated in the Trenton Convention on September 15th.

The speech made in that body by Clarence Cole, formally putting Princeton's president in nomination, was interrupted by jeers, cat-calls, and sarcastic questions. A few remarks made by Mr. Smith were, however, closely listened to. The Big Boss said that he had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson and he did not move in the same world. He had never conversed with him. Had conditions been different, he should have preferred a candidate identified with the Organization. But it was necessary to find a man who could be elected. Mr. Wilson was a Democrat and he could be elected; he knew nobody else who for a certainty could be. Therefore he was for Wilson, who had consented to accept a nomination without any private obligations or undertakings whatever — he was for him on the ground that it was time New Jersey had a Democratic Governor.

These were sagacious sentences — and had the incidental merit of telling the truth. It is undeniable that Smith organized the Wilson

candidacy; it is the curious fact, however, that he could insure its success only by publicly separating himself from it as far as he could.

On the first ballot, 709 votes being necessary to a choice, Woodrow Wilson received 749 and was declared the nominee for Governor. Hastily summoned from Princeton, eleven miles away, he appeared on the platform and made a speech of acceptance so ringing in its assertion of independence and so trumpet-toned in its utterance of the principles of progressive democracy that the convention was fairly carried off its feet. Few of the delegates had ever seen or heard Mr. Wilson. Had he made that speech before the ballot — there would have been no ballot. Having made it, he became the candidate of a united and enthusiastic party.

The language in which Mr. Wilson made clear to the convention the circumstances under which he was accepting the nomination was as follows:

> I did not seek this nomination. I have made no pledge and have given no promise. Still more, not only was no promise asked, but as far as I know, none was desired. If elected, as I expect to be, I am left absolutely free to

serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said.

In the first speech of his campaign, at Jersey City, September 28th, the candidate said:

Some gentlemen on this platform can tell you more specifically than I can that I did not seek the nomination as Governor. They were generous enough to offer it to me, and because they offered it to me they were generous enough to let me understand that I was under no obligation to any individual or group of individuals.

Now this story of Mr. Wilson's nomination is worth telling in some detail because, in the first place, it is a funny story, in the light of its sequel; and because, in the second place, it has to do with the charge of "ingratitude" — the gravest brought against New Jersey's Governor. "What do you think of Woodrow Wilson?" a New York reporter asked Mr. Richard Croker on the latest of those brief visits which the ex-Tammany chieftain deigns occasionally to pay to the land and city now bereft of his political leadership. "Nothing to say," replied Mr. Croker. After a few pulls at his cigar, however,

he brought out: "An ingrate is no good in politics."

Which is sound political sagacity. Is Wilson an ingrate?

After a few speeches in which it was apparent that the nominee had a little difficulty in bringing himself to ask anybody to vote for him, Mr. Wilson developed unusual power as a campaigner. The speeches required of a candidate are not of the nature of those in which a college president or a polished occasional orator is practised, but this candidate had things to say on which his convictions were so strong and his sense of their importance so great that he soon learned language that caught the ear and won the warm attention of the great body of the plain voters of New Jersey. He talked to them of the need of dragging public business out of private rooms where secret interests and professional political jobbers conspire, into the open air where all might see what is being done; of the need of new political machinery that the people might resume the control of their own affairs; he talked of the vast social and industrial

changes of the past twenty years, making necessary the renovation of all our old social and industrial ideas; of the need of new relations between workingmen and their employers, now that these are days of great corporations; of the need of regulating strictly those corporations; talked simply, straightforwardly, of all manner of specific public things in a way that brought them home to the individual voter with a new sense of his own personal concern in them and awakened in him a new realization of his duty, his power, and his opportunity. He not only did this; he lifted political discussion to a new plane, till at every meeting the audience was thrilled with the consciousness that the problems of to-day are gigantic, critical, big with the purposes of Providence, as they heard this man picture them on the broad background of history, in the inspiration of a soul aflame with love of common humanity and faith in its progress toward splendid futures.

One incident of the campaign was the candidate's reply to a list of questions, presumed to be embarrassing, asked him in an open letter by a

Progressive Republican, Mr. George L. Record. Mr. Record put into careful form nineteen queries requiring Mr. Wilson to declare himself on such subjects as a public service commission with power to fix rates; the physical valuation of public service corporation properties; direct primaries; popular election of United States Senators; ballot reform; corrupt practices legislation; employers' liability for workingmen's injuries; and finally his own opinion of the Democratic bosses—namely, Smith, Nugent, and Davis.

With instant readiness, with audacious glee, Mr. Wilson gave his answers: he accepted the whole Progressive Republican programme and asked for more; no Republican could satisfy a Progressive Democrat's appetite for reform. As for Smith, Nugent, and Davis, he would join anybody in denouncing them; they differed from Baird, Kean, Stokes, and Murphy in this, that the latter "are in control of the government of the state, while the others are not, *and cannot be if the present Democratic ticket is elected.*" Mr. Wilson went farther; he asked himself a twentieth question which Mr. Record had been too

polite to ask: What would be his relations with those men if elected Governor? "I shall always welcome advice and suggestions from any citizen, whether boss, leader, Organization man, or plain citizen, but all suggestions and advice will be considered on their merits. I should deem myself forever disgraced should I, in even the slightest degree, coöperate in any such system or any such transactions as 'the boss system' describes."

Election day was November 8th. On that day the people of New Jersey, for many years a Republican state, chose Woodrow Wilson for Governor by a plurality of 49,150. Two years before, Taft had carried the state by a plurality of 82,000. *Wilson had changed the political mind of* 66,000 *out of* 433,000 *voters. You will hunt hard to find the like of that in American politics. At the same ratio, if the new Democratic National Convention were to nominate him for the Presidency, Wilson would transform Taft's* 1908 *plurality of* 1,270,000 — *that marvelous, almost unparalleled plurality — into a Democratic triumph by* 1,630,000 *popular votes.*

On the same day, the majority of those Democrats who took the trouble to mark their ballots in this particular, selected James E. Martine as their choice for United States Senator. The total Democratic vote for Senator was only 73,000. Martine received 54,000. Nobody voted for James Smith, Jr.

James E. Martine was an honest and faithful Democrat, with radical views; as genial and good-hearted a man as ever breathed — but scarcely a man that would have been chosen deliberately for the dignities of membership in the august body that sits in the northern end of the National Capitol. Regularly, for years, he had been put up as candidate for any old office to which there was no hope of election. Once he had run for sheriff; twice he had run for Congress; four times for the assembly; four times for the State Senate. Defeat had ever been his cheerfully accepted portion. It was a well-established rule that Martine was always to run — never to reach anything. Now, to general astonishment, Wilson's popularity *had* given Democrats a majority on joint ballot of the two

houses of the legislature; a successor was to be elected to United States Senator John Kean, and Martine had been permitted to lead in the primary!

Ten days after the election James Smith, Jr., called on Governor-elect Wilson at his home in Princeton. The ex-Senator is a gentleman of taste, of Chesterfieldian manner and delightful conversation, and his congratulations, we may depend upon it, were gracefully phrased. Equally graceful was his modest confession that he found his health now greatly bettered, and his intimation that he now indeed felt justified in taking into serious consideration the idea of asking reëlection to the United States Senate.

Governor-elect Wilson, when he had satisfied himself that he heard aright, expressed the very great astonishment which he felt; he then said to Mr. Smith that he regarded the idea as impossible, and he begged him to abandon it forthwith. Followed a long conversation, in which Smith sought to justify his political past, while the Governor-elect made more and more explicit his warning that he would never permit the

election. The ex-Senator turned the talk on Martine's qualifications, or lack of them — which Mr. Wilson refused to discuss. The issue was not Martine, but the party's faith. The primary had elected Martine, and there was nothing for the legislature to do but ratify that election.

"The primary was a joke," said Smith.

"It was very far from a joke," rejoined the Governor-elect. "But assume that it was. Then the way to save it from being a joke hereafter is to take it seriously now. It is going to be taken seriously, and there will be no more jokes. The question who is to enjoy one term in the Senate is of small consequence compared with the question whether the people of New Jersey are to gain the right to choose their own Senators forever."

Smith's candidacy was now made publicly known, and the party sharply divided, the Organization declaring its purpose and its ability to carry the legislature for him, and the decent rank and file denouncing the attempt to steal a Senatorship for a discredited politician who

dared not run in the primary. The greatest eagerness was shown as to the attitude of Governor-elect Wilson. He, however, refrained, for a little while, from taking either side publicly, hoping his public interference would not be necessary. Privately, he sent many men of influence to Smith to urge him not to try the race. These measures availed nothing.

As a last effort to save Mr. Smith from the humiliation he was determined should overtake him if he persisted, Mr. Wilson called on Mr. Smith by appointment at his house in Newark. It was in the late afternoon of Tuesday, December 6th. The Governor-elect said he had come to say that, although he had as yet taken no public stand, it was his intention, unless Mr. Smith withdrew from the Senatorial contest, to announce his opposition to him.

"Will you be content in having thus publicly announced your opposition?" asked the aspirant.

"No. I shall actively oppose you with every honorable means in my power," replied the Governor-elect.

"Does that mean that you will employ the

state patronage against me?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"No," answered Wilson. "I should not regard that as an honorable means. Besides, that will not be necessary."

The Governor-elect then laid down this ultimatum:

"Unless I hear from you, by or before the last mail delivery on Thursday night, that you abandon this ambition, I shall announce my opposition to you on Friday morning."

The last mail Thursday night brought no message from Smith, and Mr. Wilson by telegraph released to the morning newspapers a statement he had prepared denouncing the Smith candidacy. Half an hour later came a special delivery letter from Smith asking for a few days' delay. The denunciation had gone out.

It was a bitter fight. The Governor did not wait for the assembling of the legislature; he appeared before large audiences in the chief cities — and, making a clear statement of the case, asked the people to see to it that their rep-

resentatives voted right. Among the legisla tors there was panic; none of them had ever heard of such a thing as this smiling defiance, by a mere novice in the political field, of a boss who had ruled twenty years. Not all of them had instant faith in the outcome. But there never was any doubt about the result. As Governor Wilson afterward told the story, he brought no pressure to bear upon the wavering members of the legislature. He merely told them to follow their consciences, and tried to assure them that they would suffer no harm if they did so. He said to them:

"Do not allow yourselves to be dismayed. You see where the machine is entrenched, and it looks like a real fortress. It looks as if real men were inside, as if they had real guns. Go and touch it. It is a house of cards. Those are imitation generals. Those are playthings that look like guns. Go and put your shoulder against the thing and it collapses."

They took heart and put their shoulders against it, and it collapsed.

On January 28th the New Jersey Legislature

elected James E. Martine to the United States Senate, giving him forty votes. The Organization mustered four for Smith.

Such is the tale of Woodrow Wilson's "ingratitude."

The most moderate and charitable account of the matter that any way reaches its pith is that which Wilson himself once gave:

"They did not believe that I meant what I said, and I did believe that they meant what they said." In their sophistication, they had gold-bricked somebody, certainly, but not the schoolmaster nor the people of New Jersey. They had digged a pit and fallen into the midst of it themselves. For the intended victim to escape was, of course, rank ingratitude!

CHAPTER XI

ONE YEAR OF A PROGRESSIVE GOVERNOR

THE platform upon which Governor Wilson had been elected had promised four principal things — which probably not a man in the convention that adopted it expected to see realized: the direct primary, a corrupt practices election law, a public service commission with power to fix rates, and an employers' liability and workingmen's compensation law. The Governor's inaugural address—a remarkable document, vibrant with the spirit and the consciousness of a new age, new alike in politics and in the very elements of social and industrial life—made it clear that he regarded the platform promises as binding. He spoke of them, and of a dozen kindred steps of enlightened reform, with the blithe confidence of a captain who gives the word of advance to an assured and easy victory:

It is not the foolish ardor of too sanguine or too radical reform that I urge upon you, but merely the tasks that are evident and pressing, the things we have knowledge and guidance enough to do; and to do with confidence and energy. I merely point out the present business of progress and serviceable government, the next stage on the journey of duty. The path is as inviting as it is plain. Shall we hesitate to tread it? I look forward with genuine pleasure to the prospect of being your comrade upon it.

The new Governor of New Jersey had little respect for the doctrine of "the three coördinate branches, as it had been pedantically exaggerated in practice." His study of the English parliamentary system had long ago directed his attention to the advantages of having the executive closely associated in counsel with the legislature. His investigation of the American congressional system had confirmed him in the opinion that the attempt to maintain in pedantic precision the classic theory of separation, tended to divide and destroy responsibility, render official leadership impossible, and make a muddle where ought to be a clear-headed, decisive government. How often an executive of one party and a legislature of another completely

waste a term of office, unable to do anything but play politics! It ought to be impossible to have an executive administration trying to carry on the government without the backing of a legislature of the same political complexion. It ought to be impossible to have a legislature in which the executive administration cannot suggest legislation.

It is not necessary here to go farther into Mr. Wilson's ideas of responsible government (he believes that the American plan is capable of natural improvement), except to remark that he attributes the up-growth of the boss system, with its extra-legal, *extra-official* leaders, largely to the absence of constitutional provision for *official* leaders, and to add that he had determined to be, as Governor, an official leader — the chief of his party in the state, the party put into power by an overwhelming vote of the people — the leader, therefore, responsible not only for administering the routine business of the Governor's office, but for seeing that the policies endorsed in the party platform on which he had been elected were embodied in legis-

lation. During the campaign he had explicitly requested that no man vote for him who did not want him to be the party leader. He had warned the electorate of the state that if elected he meant to be an "unconstitutional Governor," as the constitution was instantly interpreted to forbid his taking part in legislation. And the electorate had given him a majority of fifty thousand.

It was not idly, therefore, that the Governor's inaugural bugle-call summoning the legislators to enter upon the path of progress ended with the jubilant note of pleasure at the prospect of being their "comrade" upon it.

What was the situation that confronted this hopeful Governor?

His party had a majority on joint ballot of the legislature; but the Senate, without whose concurrence no bill could become law, stood Republican 12 to 9. Democrats were in a majority of 42 to 18 in the Assembly, but many of the party's representatives were connected with the old Organization and resentful of the college president's advent into politics. The Governor's

triumph in seating Mr. Martine in the United States Senate over ex-Senator Smith's candidacy had not ended the war between him and the old Organization. It had given him prestige, it had heartened the friends of good government; but it had even more savagely embittered the old leaders and engendered sullenness among their still faithful followers. "We gave him the Senatorship," they said among themselves, "but that is the end; we've done enough; if he asks for more, he'll find out who is running the state of New Jersey." The state of New Jersey had been "run" for years by the allied corporation interests. They might put up with the loss of a Senator, but legislation that proposed to fasten a workingmen's compensation liability upon them; put them, their books, and the rates they charged, under the control of the people; and that, above all, proposed to destroy the boss system, through which they held their domination of the State House — such things simply could not and should not be. If anywhere in the Union the beautiful theories of representative government met the ugly realities of actual

politics, they met them in the corporation-ruled state of New Jersey. What mattered the wishes of a majority of fifty thousand voters to a legislature two thirds of whose members were under obligations to one or the other of the organizations they were asked to destroy?

The way in which a situation so discouraging was forced to yield the surprising results it did yield is full of promise to men of hope.

Governor Wilson relied from the start on the merits of the bills, on public sentiment in favor of them, and on his power to force the open discussion of them. He would not permit them to be done for in secret conferences; there should be public debate; he would make his own arguments for the bills so that all the state should hear him, and he would compel the opponents to give the reasons of their opposition publicly. The doors of his office stood always open, and he encouraged Senators and Assemblymen to make it a habit to come to see him and talk things over — familiarly, but never secretly. Those who did not come, he sent for, on one

pretext or another, and the matter of the bills naturally came up. He told them that he had no patronage to dispose of, no promises to make, and no warnings to issue, but he should like to have them consider the bills on their merits, and let him know where they stood.

Heretofore Republican Governors had consulted Republican members, and Democratic Governors had consulted Democratic members. Wilson consulted members of both parties. He talked to them all alike of the good of the commonwealth; to Democrats he added arguments based on the platform promises. He made it clear that he considered himself chosen party leader, but he gave no orders — he would not be a boss; though he might be much bold to enjoin, yet he rather besought, with argument, with appeals to patriotism, state pride and party loyalty, with the simple, cheerful assumption that they were all agreed on essentials (hard they found it to deny that smiling assumption!) and need discuss only incidental details. The nearest that he ever came to a threat was in the suggestion to a few stubborn opponents that

they debate the question with him in public in their own districts. From time to time the Governor issued public statements regarding his measures; in one he expressed the fear that he might have to name the men who were preparing to be faithless to the platform promises and to betray the people. He never had to do this; when it came to a vote, as we shall see, there was nobody to name worth naming.

On the opening of the legislature, January 10, 1911, it was with difficulty that sponsors could be found to introduce the Governor's bills. Few believed that a single one of them could be forced through before the end of the session. "Very well, then, we shall have to have a special session to do it," was Governor Wilson's undismayed reply. "However, let us hope that won't be necessary."

First in order came up the Primary Elections Bill, to which an Assemblyman from Monmouth County had allowed his name to be given: the Geran Bill.

This revolutionary piece of legislation con-

GOVERNOR WILSON AND HIS FAMILY

MISS MARGARET WILSON, MRS. WILSON, MISS JESSIE WILSON, MISS ELEANOR WILSON

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templated the turning over of both, or all, political organizations to the people; conventions, so easily manipulated by nominating bosses, were done away with. All candidates for office from that of constable to President were to be nominated directly by ballot of the people; all party officers, committeemen, delegates to national conventions, and the like, were to be so elected by popular ballot, and the primary elections at which all this was to be done were to be conducted by the state under strict laws, the election officers being chosen from citizens who have passed special civil service examinations. The respective party platforms were to be written by the party's candidates for the legislature, meeting together with the state committee — the men who, if elected, were themselves to carry out the platform promises.

To those who understand the significance of the great movement for the resumption by the people of the direct powers of government, it would have been sufficiently astonishing that a Governor of a state like New Jersey should have

thought it worth while to make to his legislature such an audacious proposal as the direct primary, with popular selection of United States Senators, popular nomination of Presidential candidates, and popular choice of party officers. This meant the killing of the bosses; it meant the extinction of corporation-controlled organizations; it meant everything that New Jersey had never had and that the professional politicians and the big business interests could never permit it to have.

No wonder there was a battle royal!

James R. Nugent was in active direction of the opposition. Ex-Senator Smith's relation, he urged the "ingrate" argument; Wilson knew no honor and would knife the men who assisted him; state chairman, he was officially in command of the party Organization, and could promise and threaten with the prestige of fifteen long years of almost unopposed party supremacy against this new Governor's bare month of troubled experience.

Nugent easily arranged a coalition with the Republicans. Their Organization was equally

threatened, and far greater than the fall of the minority party bosses would be that of the Republican "Board of Guardians" who had for years "bossed" the majority party in the state. If the Republican majority still in control of the Senate stood pat, the Geran Bill would fail there; but Nugent wanted more: he wanted the Democratic lower chamber to repudiate the Governor's plan. He was so confident that this could be managed that he arranged for a conference on the bill as a preliminary test.

It was a fatal error.

The Governor heard of the conference, and genially suggested that he be invited. It was unprecedented for a Governor to attend a legislative caucus, but it would have been awkward to have declined to invite him if he wanted to come. So he went.

The gathering was in the Supreme Court room, on the second floor of the State House. One Assemblyman, Martin, challenged the Governor's intervention; he had no constitutional right to interfere in legislation; had it not been written by them of old time that the ex-

ecutive and legislative branches must be kept sacredly apart? The Governor replied by drawing from his pocket the Legislative Manual and reading a clause of the constitution which directed the Governor of New Jersey to communicate with the legislature at such times as he might deem necessary, and to recommend such measures as he might deem expedient. He was there, he continued, in pursuance of a constitutional duty, to recommend a measure of that character.

In noble fashion did he recommend it. That conference lasted four and a half hours; for three hours of it Mr. Wilson was on his feet, first expounding the bill, clause by clause; answering all queries and replying to all objections out of a knowledge not only of the experience of other states but of the practical workings of politics, that greatly surprised his audience. One by one he met and silenced all critics. Then, looking about upon them, he began what will always remain one of the notable speeches of his career, a speech which no man who was present will ever forget. They were Democrats, and he spoke to them as such. This

he told them, was no attempt to destroy the party; it was a plan to revitalize it and arm it for the war to which the swelling voice of a people called it in an hour of palpitant expectancy. With an onrush of words white-hot with speed and suppressed emotion, he displayed before them the higher view of political duty, and expanded the ground of his hope for the future of the Democratic party as a servant of the people.

One repeats only what the attendants at this remarkable meeting unite in testifying when he says that they came downstairs not knowing whether more amazed by the force of logic that had fairly won them over, or moved by the inspiring appeal to which they had listened The conference, called to refuse the Geran Bill, voted to make it a party measure.

A Republican caucus was proposed to insure party unanimity against the bill, but so many Republican members refused in advance to be bound, that the plan was abandoned. The opposition had hoped that the Senate committee on elections would refuse to report the bill out,

but to this Senator Bradley, Republican, chairman of the committee, declined to be a party. Senator Bradley had for several sessions been chairman of the joint committee on appropriations, and though the Democrats now controlled this committee, Governor Wilson had asked that Mr. Bradley, because of his long experience, be retained in its chairmanship. Doubtless this had nothing to do with Mr. Bradley's refusal to bury the Geran Bill. Doubtless the straightforward Governor had had no thought of reciprocity. But the circumstance is interesting.

The Senate elections committee did hold a public hearing, aranged by the opposition. It was a melancholy affair, from their standpoint; the speakers who were to demolish the bill never came, while a battery of able, and by now enthusiastic, cannoneers riddled the pretensions of the enemy. It is a pity that the scathing sarcasm drawled from the scornful lips of Joseph Noonan, whose native Irish wit has not been spoiled by his Oxford education, was not stenographically reported. Traditions of its effectiveness still hang about that Senate chamber.

Among the expected lights who failed to come and scintillate for the Senate committee and the public was Mr. John William Griggs, McKinley's Attorney-General, and Governor of the state during the palmiest days of unrebuked misrule. Mr. Griggs's part in the world to-day is to bewail, with a heart of infinite sorrow, the tendency of a lawless generation to depart from the ancient landmarks of established order recommended by the prescription of immemorial usage, and certified by the sanction of many years of Republican prosperity. Governor Wilson informed the Senators that if Mr. Griggs appeared, he would come himself and make a few remarks suggested by the former Attorney-General's speech. It would have been a great debate had it ever come off. The Governor waited in his office, but Mr. Griggs never came. The total of the opposition was represented by James Smith, Jr's., private secretary, who, after some desultory vaporings, sent word to his chief that open opposition to the Geran Bill was futile.

So now was secret opposition. Nugent still hung about Trenton. One day he went into

the Governor's office, at the Governor's request, to "talk things over."

Nugent very quickly lost his temper.

"I know you think you've got the votes," he exclaimed. "I don't know how you got them."

"What do you mean?" queried the Governor, sharply.

"It's the talk of the State House that you got them by patronage."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Nugent," said Governor Wilson, pointing to the door.

"You're no gentleman," shouted the discomfited boss.

"You're no judge," replied Mr. Wilson, his finger continuing to indicate the exit.

Let us finish with a disagreeable subject of some slight interest in a picture of Jersey politics. Nugent crept away. Six months later he came again into the prominence of his kind. Still state chairman, he was giving a dinner to a small but convivial party at "Scotty's," a restaurant at Avon, on the Jersey coast. A party of officers of the New Jersey National

Guard then in camp at Sea Girt, near by, was seated at an adjoining table.

Nugent sent wine to the officers' table and asked them to join his own party in a toast. The diners at both tables arose. "I give you," cried Nugent, "the Governor of the State of New Jersey" — all glasses were raised; Nugent finished — "a liar and an ingrate!"

The diners stood a moment stupefied. "Do I drink alone?" shouted the host.

He did drink alone. The glasses were set down untouched; some of the officers indignantly threw out their wine on the floor. Then all dispersed, and Nugent was left alone.

The following day a majority of the members of the state committee signed a call for a meeting to elect a new chairman. The meeting was held a few days later at the Coleman House, Asbury Park. A little strong-arm work was indulged in, in Nugent's behalf, by a gang headed by Charlie Bell, a wine tout, but the Newark man was duly deposed, and a successor elected in the person of Edward W. Grosscup, a member of the Organization who

had come to be a supporter and an admirer of the Governor.

The Geran Bill came to its passage in the Assembly and went through with one third more votes than it needed. The Republican Senate accepted and passed it without a struggle.

The whole legislative programme followed. To-day, Jersey has the most advanced and best working primary election law in the Union. It has a corrupt practices law of the severest kind. Betting on elections is forbidden. Treating by candidates is forbidden. All campaign expenses must be published; corporations may not contribute; the maximum amount allowed to be spent by candidates for any office is fixed by law.

New Jersey to-day has a public utilities commission with power to appraise property, fix rates, forbid discriminations, regulate finances, control all sales, mortgages, and leases in the case of all railroads, steam and electric, in the case of express companies, of canal, subway, pipe line, gas, electric light, heat, power, water, oil,

sewer, telegraph, telephone companies, systems, plants, or equipments for public use. This commission's orders as to rates go into effect immediately or, if they are cuts, at the end of twenty days' notice. To-day, New Jersey has an employers' liability law which gives an injured employee immediate automatic compensation paid by the employer. The workingman, may, however, sue for damages, if he prefers to take his chances before a jury. The state has to-day a provision for the adoption by such cities and towns as may desire it, of the commission form of government on the Des Moines plan, with the initiative and referendum and recall. Under this law, Trenton, the capital, and eight other Jersey cities and towns are trying scientific municipal government. Governor Wilson has spoken in many places in advocacy of the plan.

To this extraordinary record of progressive legislation must be added an intelligent statute regulating the cold storage of food; legislation establishing the indeterminate sentence in place of the old discredited fixed sentence; and the

complete reorganization of the public school system.

It is worthy of special remark that the achievement of these surprising results over and against its original opposition left the legislature, nevertheless, in a very friendly attitude of mind toward the Governor. He earned their respect, and he won, to boot, the hearty good-will of most of the legislators. At first an atmosphere of diffidence hung over the executive anterooms; visitors were not sure how they would be treated. But they soon found it a delight to visit the Governor's office, and began to think up excuses for a look in. The spare gray man with the long jaw had a mighty taking way about him; there was always a ready smile and often a lively story, and you seldom failed to go away with a glow around your heart.

The Senators found him out in due course of the session one night at a little dinner given him and them by the Adjutant-General, Mr. Sadler, at the Country Club. There were some darky music-makers on hand, and presently the high tenor voice that had led two college glee-clubs

was caroling in darky dialect, and before long (it was in the confidential privacy of a group of sympathetic Senators) the rather lengthy legs and other members of a Governor were engaged in a duet cakewalk with one of the older Senators. Nobody knows how many votes for progressive legislation were won that night.

A very practical understanding of human nature was, from the beginning, displayed in the gubernatorial dealings with legislators — perhaps not a little of it due to the keen political sagacity of the Governor's secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, one of the bright young men of the state, experienced beyond his years in the ways, moods, and foibles of politicians in general and legislators in particular. But Mr. Wilson is himself the most human of men. He is very positive, he can be very indignant, he takes the high ground for himself; but he is not vindictive, and he knows how to make allowances.

No retaliation was ever visited upon adversaries of the Governor. Assemblyman Martin of Hudson County, for instance, was prominent in the fight against Martine; and he was a leader

in opposition to the Geran Elections Bill, his opposition being doubtless sincerely based on his belief that it would destroy the party organization. Martin was much interested in a bridge bill affecting Hoboken and the north end of his county. As the time drew near for action upon the bridge bill, he grew very uneasy and was observed to be much in the vicinage of the Governor's room, inquiring of all and sundry who were in communication with the Executive whether they thought he would let it go through. It was difficult to persuade a man used to the customs of the old days that there was a new kind of politician in the Governor's chair, a politician who dealt with proposed legislation on its merits and not in the harboring of vindictiveness nor the remembrance of promised reward. Mr. Martin's bridge bill was a just and desirable measure, and he got it. When the fight for reform in the educational department came on, Martin was in the front rank in support of the Governor's proposals.

Ex-Senator Smith, the notorious James, Jr., now Mr. Wilson's bitter enemy, owns a great

deal of real estate in Newark. His relative and chief lieutenant, James R. Nugent, controls the city so absolutely that a laborer can't get a job on the street without his consent. However, there are some things which a New Jersey city council has to ask the legislature for permission to do. This session there was to come up at Trenton a bill allowing the Newark common council in its discretion to widen certain streets. The improvement would enhance the value of realty owned by Smith. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for a vindictive Governor to have vetoed the bill, on the ground that it was a job, and to have won applause for his act, while striking a telling blow at Smith and Nugent. But, considering the case on its merits, Governor Wilson could conclude only that it authorized a real improvement, irrespective of its effect on the Smith property. He signed the bill.

"Mr. Smith and the Governor do not always see precisely eye to eye," was his remark, as he laid down the pen, "but that circumstance constitutes no reason why Mr. Smith should be deprived of any of his rights as a citizen."

There was one case, however, in which Mr. Wilson violated, unblushingly, his declaration that he had no rewards for those who supported nor punishment for those who opposed his measures. Assemblyman Allan B. Walsh, of Mercer County, was a mechanic employed by the Roebling Company. This corporation, which paid Walsh something like three dollars a day for his labor in its shops, naturally felt that this sum included what service he could render in his capacity as a legislator. When the election of United States Senator came up he was instructed to vote for Smith. He went to the Governor and told him how the case stood with him. "I quite understand," said the Governor, "and I don't want to advise you what to do. I am not the man to ask you to imperil your family's living. Whatever you conclude to do, I shan't hold it against you."

Something in the common sense and human kindliness of Wilson's attitude so touched Walsh, not heretofore known as a hero, that he went to the caucus and voted for Martine. His work was cut till he could make only $10 a week.

When the battle was joined on the Wilson legislative programme, his employers warned him to vote against it. He voted for it — Walsh, you see, had a man in him — and was discharged. The Governor heard of that — and those who happened to be in the State House that day heard language flow in a vigor drawn from resources not commonly tapped by Presbyterian elders. Walsh was a poor man with a family, whose livelihood had been taken away from him because he voted according to his conscience. "Something must be done for Walsh; we can't see him suffer like this," said Mr. Wilson. He was reminded of his declaration that he would neither punish nor reward. "No matter what I said!" he exclaimed. "This is a good time to be inconsistent. We'll find a place for Walsh."

So it is a true charge that the present clerk of the Mercer County tax board (though indeed he is a competent man) owes his position to the fact that he voted for Wilson measures in the legislature.

Mr. Wilson's appointments were for the most part wise and happy — some of them remark-

ably so. One of the best, in its results, was that of Samuel Kalish to the Supreme Court bench. Kalish is a Jew, and he happened to be Nugent's personal counsel, but neither of these circumstances closed the Governor's eyes to the fact that he was able, honorable, vigorous, and peculiarly fitted for such work as lay before the New Jersey Supreme Court. It is Justice Kalish, now sitting in the Atlantic County Circuit, who is cleaning up Atlantic City; it was he who, finding justice made a joke of in Atlantic County by juries picked by the corrupt sheriff, turned to the early common law and appointed "elisors" to select jurymen. A grand jury thus obtained indicted the sheriff, and the work of bringing the big resort under subjection to law goes thrivingly on. Justice Swayze, who was prominently mentioned for a place on the United States Supreme bench, has resorted to Justice Kalish's "elisors" in dealing with corrupt political conditions in Hudson County.

New Jersey elects its Assembly anew each year. In the autumn of 1911 Governor Wilson

went before the people to ask for the return of men pledged to sustain the accomplished legislation and to support what further progressive measures should come up. For the first time, a primary was held under the Geran law. The Smith-Nugent influence was frantically exerted everywhere to nominate anti-Wilson men. It failed, failed utterly, everywhere except in Essex County — the home of the ex-Senator and his lieutenant. For the first time a Geran law convention was held. The Wilson men controled it. A sound platform was adopted. In Essex, the Smith-Nugent machine won the primary, nominating a ticket expressly chosen in antagonism to the Governor.

In the campaign that followed, Governor Wilson visited every county in the state except Essex. He canceled his engagement for that county, refusing to ask support for the Smith ticket.

The result of the election has been twisted by opponents of Mr. Wilson into a defeat for him. It was, in fact, a signal victory — a striking endorsement. In all the state outside of Essex,

in the counties, that is, where he asked support for Democratic candidates for the Assembly, *their majorities aggregated 857 votes more than they did the previous year, when the state was ablaze with the excitement of a gubernatorial campaign.* In Essex, *which he refused to visit*, in Essex, *where the Democratic candidates were pledged anti-Wilson men*, the Democratic vote fell off 12,000 and the Republicans won.

It is clear enough, certainly, whether this is repudiation or endorsement. What happened was simply this: Smith and Nugent, who, like minority party bosses generally, expect to receive help occasionally from the opposite party and more frequently to give it, turned a very common trick. They nominated the weakest possible ticket and then left it to the fate they expected it to meet. They gave the legislature back to the Republicans, for the sake of being able to raise the cry that the state had repudiated Wilson. Few were deceived by such a play.

The Assembly is Republican again, it is true — made so by Smith's treachery — but among

the Republicans are enough progressive men to sustain what has been done and probably to support new measures of public good. In a statement issued immediately after the election, Governor Wilson called upon them in the name of the pledges of their own platform, to co-operate in "reforms planned in the interest of the whole state which we are sworn to serve."

CHAPTER XII

THE PRESIDENCY LOOMS UP

IN THE spring of 1911 it became evident that a sentiment looking toward Mr. Wilson's nomination for the Presidency was abroad in the nation. The suggestion had been made long ago — several years ago — but it had had no more than faint interest till the Governor's masterful grapple with the difficulties of practical politics at the New Jersey capital had focused country-wide attention upon him, and led to the general discovery of his grasp of political problems, the vigor and originality of his thought, and his devotion to the cause of government by the people. In all parts of the Union, from its populous Eastern cities to remote corners of the West, people seemed suddenly to become aware that there was a man named Wilson who looked more like a great man than any who had been seen of late days.

Letters began coming into Trenton and Princeton until they could no longer be read, not to speak of being answered; newspaper clippings by the bushel basket.

The time soon came when invitations to speak in cities clamorous to see and hear grew so insistent that it would have been vain pride longer to disregard them. A few friends took it upon themselves to arrange an itinerary among some of the cities that wanted to see New Jersey's Governor, and he put himself in their hands to the extent of agreeing to get on a train with the itinerary in his pocket and fare forth toward the nearest point at least.

Before he returned he had traveled 8,000 miles, made twenty-five speeches, addressed thousands of people, and been acclaimed in eight states as the next President. Stopping to rest over-night at Washington, as he neared home, the hotel to which he went was besieged by Senators and Representatives come to make, or renew, acquaintance with the man about whom the whole country was talking.

That was the beginning of it. On his Western

journey Mr. Wilson had replied to all questions by saying that the Presidency was too big a thing for any man to set about to capture, as it was too big for any man to refuse. Now, however, there set in a spontaneous movement which over-night made him a candidate, willy-nilly, and which within a few weeks had put his name apparently ahead of all others in popular favor — for the movement was distinctly a movement rather of citizens than of politicians, rather of the people than of party leaders. To answer the constant demands of the newspapers for information, a press bureau was established, its modest expenses met by the chipping-in of personal friends, many of them Princetonians. The state committee of his party — which had thrown off the old domination and was now a group of freed and enthusiastic men — announced New Jersey's Governor as her choice for the Presidency and opened headquarters in Trenton to promote his nomination.

Early in January, 1912, Governor Wilson was present as a guest at the Jackson Day banquet, attended by all the members of the Democratic

National Committee and the most prominent men of the party from all over the country, gathered in Washington; and there made an address so commanding in power that he fairly swept the 800 off their feet with the vision of duty and opportunity which beckoned the party of the people in this hour of national crisis.

From that day Mr. Wilson's life has been lived in the full light of publicity. The press has given a daily record of his acts and words — and has brought to an end the work of this biography, whose purpose it has been to trace the course of not widely known events which, in ways unusual in our political history, has singularly equipped Woodrow Wilson for a chief part in the political life of the nation.

So brief a narrative as this could reveal but imperfectly the personality whose development it essayed to trace; nor could any assessment of it, in closing, do much to remedy the imperfection. Some few matters of fact might be added a little to round out the picture:

Mr. Wilson's face, photographed in repose, is

familiar; but it is not the same face, animated; his photographs do not show the man whom his friends know. The lines of sadness which mark the photographs disappear in conversation, in public speech. A suffusion of kindliness overflows his countenance the moment his attention is drawn; swift play of expression marks the interest with which he listens. His laugh, like that of the reprobate whom Mark Twain engaged to applaud during his first lecture, is hung on a hair-trigger. He resents the suggestion that his profile is remarkably like that of Joseph Chamberlain as that British statesman (whom he despises) was in after days, but it is.

Mr. Wilson is of good height, sturdily built, with square shoulders; he stands erect and on his feet. If you want mannerisms, you note that his hands seek his trousers pockets, that he changes his glasses with much care when he looks down at a document or up from it; that every time he has used his pen he wipes it carefully with a cloth taken from a drawer, into which he painstakingly replaces it, closing the drawer. There is a certain trained precision of

habit in matters of routine — and a free spontaneity in others. There would be a gray grimness about him except for the pocketed hands, a frequent sunburst of a smile, and a voice like music. You would learn, if you watched him an hour or two, that a man with a stiff jaw and a sensitive mouth is pretty sure to be master in any situation. Governor Wilson is a man of positive opinion, relieved by an eager sense of humor. He moves and speaks with unfailing poise, with good-natured certainty of himself.

The prime thing is that he is real — real all through, from top to bottom. There isn't a sham anywhere in his neighborhood. His mind is constitutionally incapable of tolerating unreality — it revolts against it like a nauseated stomach. Another thing is that he is good-humored. He is chock-full of energy; he likes action, hugely, though he did remark at the end of one exciting day: "After all, life doesn't consist in eternally running to a fire!" Conversation with him is a delight; his talk is rich in allusion, illustrated from broad personal acquaintance, marked by a wide-ranging sweep

of interest and thought. Yet he likes a good story and an occasional emphatic word.

It might be mentioned that Mr. Wilson's family consists of his wife and three daughters: Margaret, Jessie, and Eleanor. New Jersey having no residence for its executive head, the Governor continues to reside at Princeton, in a pretty house on a quiet street. Trenton is but eleven miles distant, and he is at his desk in the State House much more than any of his predecessors ever was.

There, in the copper-domed Capitol, his reception-room is constantly filled with visitors; he works, sees callers, and holds conferences in an inner room — the door, however, to which stands always open. Be the weather cold or not, any one can walk, without touching a door-knob, from the street into the Governor's inner room.

It is a pleasant enough room, this inner office, looking out over the river; none too luxuriously furnished in light wood, with a mahogany tall-clock in a corner, a calendar with an advertisement on it on the wall, a tiny brass fireplace,

and mantel supporting a bronze Washington in a Roman toga and a Lincoln in a piratical cloak. Solemn portraits of former Governors hang in melancholy rows here and on every available wall of the executive wing of the building.

Governor Wilson is an indefatigable worker, used to long hours at the desk. During his first year in office he amazed the State House. It was bad enough in the spring, but worse when summer came and the Governor was still to be found during the hottest weather constantly at the Capitol, in the burning city. Passersby on the street caught glimpses of the Governor in his shirt-sleeves working hard way into the night. On one of the hottest nights in July Adjutant-General Sadler, passing about midnight in his automobile, saw the Governor's light burning; dismounting and making his way into the room, he presented himself as a representative of the State House Union, complaining that members had no right to work overtime, and tried his best to take the worker out for a motor-ride in the moonlit night. But it was no go. There was

work to be done, so the Governor worked on alone and toward morning made his way to the little room in the Hotel Sterling which he occupied when detained in the city.

This biography has found no time to dwell, as it would like to have dwelt, on many of the enlarging and enriching, though undramatic, events of the scholar's life: on holidays in Europe; on the preparation for the writing of books, such as the "Life of George Washington" and the monumental "History of the American People."

It could not tell of the happiness of his family life. It has not hinted at his shyness, that love of retirement, inherited with the strain of his mother's blood, which had to be overcome, with agonizing, before he could commit himself to the path of public life, and which still makes the knocking at a strange door or the reception of a new caller a real, though never a perceptible, effort.

It has not told of his passion for crowds, of his fondest habit — the stealing off somewhere to move, unknown, among big throngs, and to

drink in, in silence, the sense of human striving, to look into the faces of multitudes and listen to their voices, one to another; to feel the heart-beat of men, as they go about life's business or its pleasures.

It is a rare and an arresting combination of traits that this man presents. Perhaps nothing sums it up more vividly than this: he reads Greek, and he writes — short-hand. That was one of the first things that amazed the people at Trenton — the old-timers who deemed themselves the only "practical" politicians. But every day for a year was a further amazement to them. They found in this strange newcomer a man who didn't believe that a good cause was rendered any less likely to succeed by the employment in its behalf of the carnal weapons of practical politics — a man who said: "Even a reformer need not be a fool."

A new era was ushered in when this quiet gentleman who had just emerged from the delectable groves of Princeton's academy, his garments odorous with the vapors of Parnassus, his lips wet with the waters of Helicon — this long-haired

bookworm of a professor who had just laid his spectacles on his dictionary, came down to the Trenton State House and "licked the gang to a frazzle." It appeared that he *did* know the difference between a seminar and a caucus, a syllabus and a New Jersey corporation — that he did know Hoboken and Camden politics pretty nearly as well as he did his Burke and his Bagehot; and that, able to write a book on "Constitutional Government," he was just as able to handle a Governor's job constitutionally or otherwise, according to your view of the constitution.

As to constitutions, he does not have for them altogether that kind of regard which the superstitious have for a fetich. They do say that he was once so irreverent as to remark of some of the provisions of a certain ancient document, "They're outgrown, that's all. If you button them over the belly, they split up the back!" Yet no man could be more jealous of the principles of which the Constitution is the expression.

Of his manner of public speech, something more ought to be told. With the advent of Woodrow

Wilson on the political stage came a new type of man and a new type of oratory. Mr. Wilson has long been known as an exquisite master of English prose. He speaks as he writes — with a trained and skilful handling of the resources of the language, a sureness, an accuracy, a power, and a delicacy surpassing anything ever before heard on the political platform in America. It was felt by some of his friends that Mr. Wilson's classical habit of language would militate against his success as a politician — it was felt to be a matter of extreme doubt whether he could use a language understanded of the people. The first appearance of the candidate for the Jersey governorship dissipated these doubts. Mr. Wilson knew how to talk to the people, knew how to win them. He changed his manner very little, never stooping, as if he had to, to make the people understand. No matter where or before what sort of audience he spoke, his speeches were on a high plane, but they were so clear, so definite, that every man understood and wondered why he had not thought of that himself.

Governor Wilson is not only the most intel-

lectual speaker that this generation has seen on the stump; he is the most engaging. A friendly smile is almost always on his face — always in beginning, at any rate. His words come with vigor, but with a gentle good-nature, too — not a good-natured tolerance of the ills he is opposing, but a good-natured confidence that they will soon be overthrown. A serene faith in the outcome is one of the characteristics of Wilson's attitude; he is an optimist, and his speeches have the invigorating charm and power of a call to join an army which is marching to glorious and certain victory.

Mr. Wilson is a great story-teller — in private he keeps his friends in hours-long gales of laughter; he uses simple words and strong words, but seldom slang. He loves nonsense verse and limericks, and often reels them off while he is getting acquainted with his audience — for he talks *with* an audience, not to it. Mr. Wilson, as has been said, has a strongly individual face; some people would call him homely. He was under no illusion about that matter himself; he told the people during his campaign for the

governorship that they might as well prepare themselves for a busy governor, for the Lord never intended him to be ornamental. "Yes," he remarked once,

> "For beauty I am not a star;
> There are others handsomer, far;
> But my face — I don't mind it,
> For I am behind it;
> 'Tis the people in front that I jar!"

Burke is Mr. Wilson's favorite orator and, to some degree, has been his model. No man in our time has carried the discussion of public questions to so high a level of thought; his arguments and appeals move in the higher airs. The members of a Democratic Club at an annual dinner are at first a little puzzled to listen to an exposition such as Origen, Augustine, or Hegel might make of the philosophical nature of liberty, namely, that it consists in the adjustment of the parts of a harmonious whole. But bewilderment soon passes into the conviction at least that they are listening to a man who has thought things out; and when he comes to speak of the matters whereof they know, and speaks in

a logic perfect and clear and onward moving — toward conclusions which at last shine out white-hot in the fire of moral conviction, it is with a tempest of enthusiasm that they shout their understanding. Those were truly remarkable effects that were provoked during the campaign all over New Jersey and that have been accomplished in cities elsewhere since, by the prophet-like utterances of this foe of privilege, this leader of revolt against the usurpers of the people's power.

He speaks without notes. His voice is full, rich, and far-carrying. He gestures freely. His utterance flows easily in clean-cut channels, and goes home in clear, strong sentences. He is a master of statement; his brain works as if it had been taken out, cleaned, and oiled that day. It was no exceptional testimonial that was given by a laborer of Cartaret, N. J., who went out of the hall saying, "He handed out a crackerjack line of talk, all right.'

That he enjoys it, is clear. A man in the audience at Lakewood called out, "Oh! you're only an amateur politican!"

"Yes, that is too bad, isn't it! But I have one satisfaction: a professional plays the game, you know, *because it pays him.* An amateur plays the game because he loves to play it, to win it if he can by fair means in a fair field, before the eyes of all men. I'm afraid I'm only an amateur. But I'm having a most interesting time of it!"

This is the way he speaks:

"Back of all reform, lies the means of getting it. Back of the question what you want, is the question *how are you going to get it.* We are all pretty well agreed, I take it, that certain reforms are needed. But we find that the first necessary reform is one that will *render us able to get reform.*"

"We have been calling our Government a Republic and we have been living under the delusion that it is a representative government. That is the *theory.* But the *fact* is that we are not living under a representative government; we are living under a government of party bosses who in secret conference and for their private ends determine what we shall and shall not have. The first, the immediate thing that we have got to do is to *restore representative government.* There has got to be a popular rebellion for the reconquest and reassumption by the people

of the rights of the people, too long surrendered. We have got to revolutionize our political machinery, first of all. I am a radical, and the first element of my radicalism is, let's get at the root of the whole thing and resume popular government. Let's make possible *the access of the people to the execution of their purposes.*"

"I tell you the people of this state and this country are determined at last to take over the control of their own politics. We are going to cut down the jungle in which corruption lurks. We are going to drag things into the light, break down private understandings and force them to be public understandings. We mean to have the kind of government we thought we had."

". . . It is time that we served notice on the men who have grown up in the possession of privileges and bounties, that the existing order of things is to be changed. It is only fair that we warn them, for they should have time to adjust themselves to the change; but the change must come, nevertheless. And this change is not a revolution, let it be understood at once. It is merely a restoration. . . . That is what the people of New Jersey have meant as they have flocked out, rain or shine, not to follow the Democratic party — we have stopped thinking about parties — to follow what they now know as the Democratic idea, the idea that the people are at last to be served."

"Do you know what the American people are waiting for, gentlemen? They are waiting to have their politics utterly simplified. They are realizing that our politics are full of secret conferences, that there are private arrangements, and they do not understand it. They want to concentrate their force somewhere. They are like an unorganized army saying the thing is wrong. Where shall we congregate? How shall we organize? Who are the captains? Where are the orders? Which is the direction? Where are the instruments of government? That is what they are waiting for."

"It is an opportunity, and it is a terrible opportunity. Don't you know that some man without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this country into a flame? Don't you know that the people of this country from one end to the other all believe that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience, but with power, to spring up and say: 'This is the way: follow me' and lead them in paths of destruction. How terrible it would be!"

". . . I am accused of being a radical. If to seek to go to the root is to be a radical, a radical I am. After all, everything that flowers in beauty in the air of heaven draws its fairness, its vigor, from its roots. Nothing living can blossom into fruitage unless through nourishing stalks deep-planted in the common soil. Up from that

soil, up from the silent bosom of the earth, rise the currents of life and energy. Up from the common soil, up from the quiet heart of the people, rise joyously to-day streams of hope and determination bound to renew the face of the earth in glory.

"I tell you the so-called radicalism of our times is simply the effort of nature to release the generous energies of our people. This great American people is at bottom just, virtuous, and hopeful; the roots of its being are in the soil of what is lovely, pure, and of good report; and the need of the hour is just that radicalism that will clear a way for the realization of the aspirations of a sturdy race."

No one can listen to Woodrow Wilson and see the emotions of the audiences of earnest men who hang upon his words, without feeling that he is witnessing the beginning of a political revolution, and that its prophet and captain stands before him. This is a new language — but one for which the people have an instinctive, Pentecostal understanding.

It is surely an interesting prospect held out by this taking of the centre of the stage of national politics by a man made up of the combination of qualities which Woodrow Wilson possesses. It is the combination of the gentle-

man and scholar — and the practical politician. Imagine a student of government one of the most eminent that America has produced; a man of rich literary and ethical culture; of the fine fibre and mellow spirit that our ancient universities still occasionally shelter and develop; a man of humanity, with a heart not unvisited by emotions — who is yet able to go into the sordid battle of politics, face the "mean knights" like a Lancelot, keep his temper, crack his joke, *and win.* Imagine a type of culture in its finest flower, and then add to his endowment, tact, method, efficiency, a shrewd knowledge of men, a sense of humor, a passion for facts, a zest for constructive work, and an instinct for leadership — and you begin to get something like a picture of the remarkable man whose history, now but entered upon, this biography has so inadequately narrated, and whose personality it has so imperfectly portrayed.

THE END

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